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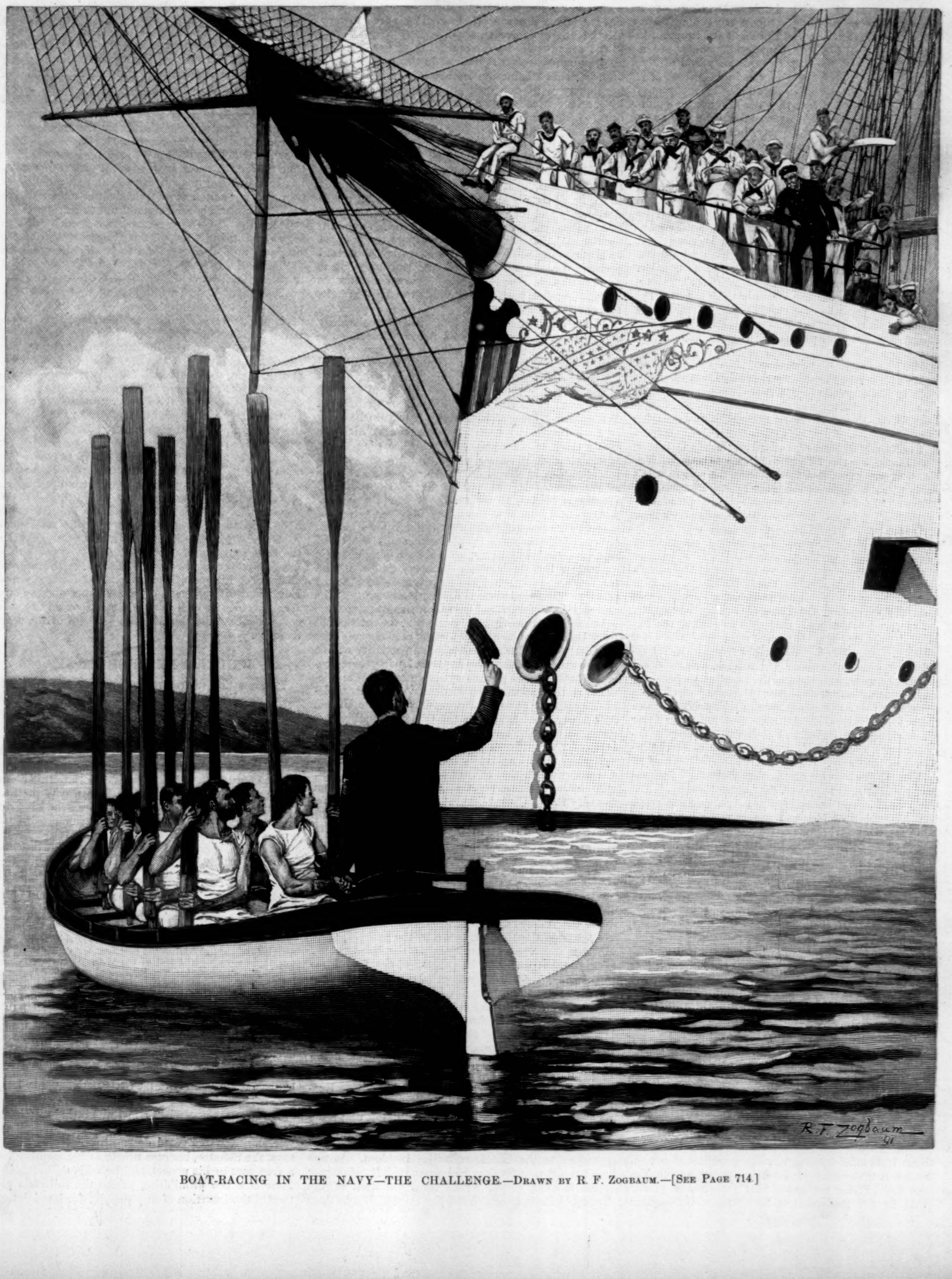

BOAT-RACING IN THE NAVY—THE CHALLENGE.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 714.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

No. 1813.

WITH COVER, AND A DOUBLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATION IN TINT, ENTITLED "THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS, MANITOBA," DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

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NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

In the last Republican Convention which met at Rochester, fourteen years ago, Mr. Platt was Mr. Conkling's lieutenant. In the Rochester Convention of this year Mr. Platt had taken Mr. Conkling's place, and is as absolutely the party leader. Mr. Conkling's domination was imperious and intolerant, but he had qualities which made many men proud of his leadership. Is any Republican proud of Mr. Platt's leadership? Can any man be proud of a party which accepts his leadership? How supreme it is is shown by the fact that the Republican candidate for the Governorship was not indicated by any expressed opinion in the party, but by Mr. Platt, and it is undeniable that no candidate to whose nomination he was opposed would have been selected. The nomination of a man like Andrew D. White, who is a distinct personality, who would be his own master, and whose fidelity to political honesty and reform is familiar, might have been permitted by Mr. Platt for reasons that we have heretofore mentioned, but not if he had anticipated success. Mr. White's nomination, however, was highly improbable at any time, and there was no surprise when Mr. Platt's Collector of the Port of New York was selected as the Republican candidate. To many Republicans it must be now painfully and suggestively evident that no man of Mr. White's character is any longer a natural and representative candidate of the party.

Mr. Fassett is a gentleman of high personal character, of liberal education, and of some years experience in State politics. He is the lieutenant of Mr. Platt, as Mr. Platt was the lieutenant of Mr. Conkling. Mr. Platt is the recognized State agent for the distribution of national patronage for the benefit of the Republican party, and when the late Collector was forced by the Platt influence to resign, Mr. Fassett was appointed Collector as the person originally recommended for the place by Mr. Platt. Mr. Fassett has devoted himself since his appointment to partisan political business, and for the first time for some years the office-holding force was largely represented in the Convention. This is not surprising, for Mr. Fassett's appointment was a distinct violation of the President's pledge and of the party's promise, and is a sign of the Republican reaction against reform. No intelligent man can suppose that the success in the State of a party which Mr. Platt controls, as he is now seen to control the Republican party, will advance reform in the civil service. Whether it will further advance ballot reform or practical temperance reform, or any other truly progressive State policy, remains to be seen. It has been generally supposed that for both of those measures there was more hope in a Republican than in a Democratic Legislature. But it is now clear that Republican legislative action would largely depend upon what Mr. Platt may think to be the interest of the party.

The platform is an omnium gatherum of declarations which it is supposed may attract voters. The high tariff legislation and reciprocity are commended. The silver bill of last summer is praised as sound and satisfactory. Pension legislation is carefully approved. Protection of the franchise is demanded. The Jewish persecution in Russia is denounced, and "thorough genuine reform in the civil service"—such as Mr. Platt fervently loves Mr. Clarkson for enforcing—is gravely favored. In State affairs the general maladministration, corruption, and debauchery of the Democratic administration is condemned, and local option is recommended as the proper temperance policy. The "blanket ballot" amendment to the reformed ballot law of last year is approved, and also the principle that the government of cities is primarily a matter of business administration; and an amendment to the Constitution for a general bill for the government of cities is recommended. This is the result of Mr. Platt's Convention. The Convention was enthusiastic for the candidate and his speech, and should he be elected Mr. Fassett will easily take precedence of all the older Republican leaders in New York.

OUR MINISTER IN CHILI.

Mr. Patrick Egan, our Minister in Chili, has been instructed to recognize the provisional government in that country, and it is not improbable that the first official request of that government to ours will be for the recall of Mr. Egan. No appointment by this administration was more extraordinary than his. Mr. Blaine's policy as Secretary of State, both under the Garfield and Harrison administrations, has been, apparently, to cultivate friendly relations with the governments of South America. His aim seems to have been an American alliance, to proceed from the Pan-American Congress and the plan of reciprocity. Now among the South American republics Chili is the most prosperous and powerful, and one of the first points in such a policy would seem to be the most cordial understanding with Chili. The first step in such a policy would be the appointment of a Minister whose character and standing in this country should be in themselves the credentials of our respect for Chili, and our desire to manifest it in every way. Such an appointment would become the chief American republic in its relations with its chief American associate, and it is always satisfactory to this country to see that its official representatives abroad are men who are in every way worthy of so great a trust.

The person selected for our Minister to Chili was an Irishman barely naturalized in this country, and of no special distinction in his own. Neither by familiarity with our institutions or traditions nor by character was he fitted for such a trust. He was sent to a country where singular discretion and intelligent comprehension of the people and feelings of this country in its relations with others were indispensable, and he had given no proof, either during his residence here or in his career abroad, that he possessed such qualifications in the least degree. It is difficult to see in all that is known of Mr. Egan what qualification he had for so important a responsibility, or what proper reason can be suggested for his appointment. All that is known of his fitness for his post as Minister of the United States at a very important point is that he was an Irish agitator of what is known as the dynamite school, whose selection as Minister was supposed to conciliate the Irish vote in this country.

When a civil war began in Chili it was the duty of our Minister to comprehend it, and while his official relations were with the existing government, his conduct should have been absolutely impartial, and his reports to his own government should have kept it precisely informed not only of facts, but of what he believed to be the probabilities of the situation. Without such information foreign governments may be made practically hostile to movements which are really those of a people against lawless oppression. It is plain that Mr. Egan either did not understand the situation in Chili, or, for some reason, that he misrepresented it. He was believed by the Congressional leaders to be peculiarly friendly to Balmaceda and hostile to them, and they were in a position to know. Certainly our government had no accurate impression of the strength and prospects of the Congressional party, which in a single battle overthrew the Balmaceda dictatorship, drove him from the country, and ended all resistance to its power. The event showed that the statements of the accredited Congressional agents in this country were substantially correct, and our government should have been informed of that fact by a Minister fit for his trust. Mr. Egan's Balmacedan partiality was so pronounced that the Congressional party even believed that he had pecuniary interests with the Dictator, an allegation which he denies. But his undeniable attitude gave the impression that the United States were unfriendly to the Congressional movement, so that the moral influence of our name and sympathy was thrown against the side to which our sympathy would naturally incline. In view of this discouragement, the feeling of the people of Chili, who have overthrown the Dictator, is far from friendly to the United States. This is due to the appointment of a Minister not because of his fitness for a delicate and difficult duty, as the representative of this country in such an emergency in another country must necessarily be, but for what seems to be the pettiest and poorest politics.

RUSSIA AND THE DARDANELLES.

By the Treaty of Paris Russia is believed to be excluded from the Mediterranean by the prohibition of Russian war vessels from passing the Dardanelles. If that passage should be permitted, the Mediterranean would become a Russian lake, and among other results the path of England to India would be obstructed. It is, however, a barrier which Russia will overthrow whenever she can do it without too serious consequences, and England is the power which is most interested in maintaining it. From time to time Russia tries the situation by a little effort, and is enabled to judge from the consequences whether she is really coming nearer to her object. The Russian command of the Mediterranean would disturb so seriously the whole European situation that a decided attempt to secure it would lead to a general war. It is this consciousness which gives such importance to the late Dardanelles incident. It was announced that Turkey had permitted Russian war ships to pass, which would be a violation of the Treaty of Paris which closed the Dardanelles to flags of war, and made the Black Sea neutral and open only to the mercantile marine of all nations.

The announcement produced great excitement in European foreign offices, and it was immediately explained that the vessels were Russian merchantmen belonging to the volunteer service, not carrying men or munitions of war, but only material and workmen for a new railroad. In any case, it was said, they were not men-of-war or armed cruisers, which alone are prohibited by the Treaty of Paris. On the other hand, however, it is alleged that they were volunteer vessels with guns and soldiers, which can be easily transformed into cruisers, receive armaments at Odessa, and increase the Russian naval force in the Black Sea. This is the view of the English foreign office, and it is certainly not unreasonable. A prohibition of war ships and armed cruisers is in effect and intent undoubtedly a prohibition of ships with arms and soldiers readily convertible into war vessels. If it is not, Russia can do with such vessels everything that she is prohibited from doing with the vessels specifically mentioned. Every such incident at once shows the tendency of feeling among the states that signed the Treaty of Paris and the delicacy of the situation. The Paris *Temps*, which probably expresses the French view, says that Turkey has a right to make agreements with Russia outside of the Treaty of Paris, and that the Russian volunteer ships may be compared with the British steamers which are designed to receive armaments in time of war. France, by the recent visit of her fleet, has been drawing near to Russia, and an allied Russian and French fleet in the Mediterranean would make it impossible for England not to interfere.

With the disturbing fact of the French visit to Russia following that of the Emperor William to England, and the disposition to justify the apparent violation of the Treaty of Paris, comes the report that the new Turkish cabinet will ask of England the evacuation of Egypt, while stating that it does not propose to tolerate any breach of the treaty. Indeed, a Vienna journal, in an article which is believed to be "inspired," says that the conduct of Russia was peculiarly insulting to Turkey. The Russian ship *Moskowa* was first detained by Turkey, and then suffered to pass. The *Kostroma* was subsequently detained, and then passed. But Russia demanded the removal of the commandant of the Dardanelles, and a special apology from the Porte to the steamship company's agent. This is a demand which, if the report be true, shows a disposition to pick a quarrel, and forebodes trouble. Germany, which is one of the treaty powers, would not acquiesce in any violation of the treaty or in any extension of French prestige which it could prevent, and Italy is of the same mind. Indeed, the tone of Zola and Ollivier upon "Sedan day," and the remarks of the German papers, show a condition far from tranquil. It is the consciousness of the feverish state of the public mind, of the real purposes of Russia, of the morbid chagrin of France, of the interests of Germany and England, which gives the gravest importance to any slight incident which has wide relations and remote consequences, like this Russian passage of the Dardanelles.

BRIBERY BY FREE PASSES.

The question of free passes on railroads has been sometimes discussed, but the great extent of this form of corruption is not generally apprehended. Judge Cooley, however, before his retirement from the Inter-State Commerce Commission, is understood to have designed a thorough investigation of the evil. President Stickney, of the Chicago, St. Paul, and Kansas City Railroad, attributes chiefly to this abuse the peculiar hostility to railroads in the West; and Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, who has been denouncing his colleague as an instrument of such corruption, states that New Hampshire is practically owned by the Boston and Maine and Concord and Montreal roads. It has been bought up with free passes. The Senator says:

> "Practically all government officials and persons of influence have passes. All lawyers ride free. The editors and newspaper managers ride free. Ministers ride free, or at special rates. The Governor rides free. His council rides free. All officers of the State-house ride free. The members of the Legislature all ride free, not only during the session, but during the rest of the year. County, city, and town officers ride free. The wives and children of most of the free riders also ride free. Above all, local politicians in every town and ward ride free. The exceptions to the above statements are so few that they prove the general rule. Corruption by free passes and mileage tickets is almost universal. No person of any importance in town or State fails to ride free, unless he omits to ask for his free pass or his free ticket. Moreover, any 'striker' can get a pass. If any person, high or low, rich or poor, is heard to make vigorous protest against any railroad wrong, he is approached by some ready emissary of the roads and quieted by a free pass."

A few years ago, when a bill was introduced in the Legislature to punish the giver and the receiver of free passes, it was voted down almost unanimously, says the Senator, because nearly every member had a free pass in his pocket, and he adds that although there is a law prohibiting passes, the railroads prevented the insertion of any penalty for its violation, and almost every lawmaker in the last Legislature was a violator of the law.

Judge Cooley justly held this evil to be one of the most insidious forms of bribery, and the Springfield *Republican* says that of course those who do pay are made to pay also for those who do not. It thinks that the fares could be reduced twenty-five per cent. if the "deadhead" element were eliminated. The reason of this wholesale bribery is plain, and it is, like the reason of so many other abuses, a stigma upon popular government. It is the apprehension of injurious legislation. The system of free passes is blackmail or blood-money. The company gives the Assemblyman or Senator a free pass to hire him not to vote against the interests of the road, and to support whatever the road may wish. It gives the judge a free pass to conciliate a friendly disposition. The bribe is extended to the family of the bribed because then it is more valuable, and will probably produce better results. The bribed Legislature is elected, among other purposes, to protect the community against fraud and bribery. Its duty is to impeach corrupt officers. The disclosures of Senator Chandler are like a biting chapter of Swift. No more savage sneer at popular institutions could be made than that legislators will make laws to your injury if you do not buy them off.

The immense disgrace of such facts—for the undoubted bribery must be based in some large degree upon the experience of railroad companies—should be so deeply felt upon the mere statement of them as to lead at least to individual reform. There must be, of course, a great many persons who are bribed by free passes who have hardly thought of the subject, and who are unconscious of the bribery. They do not generalize. The railroad gives them a pass which costs it nothing, and do we suppose that they are to be bought for three dollars? Such persons have only to ask themselves why a pass is not given to them until they are elected to the Legislature. Do tailors give them clothes, or shoemakers shoes? Why does a railroad company search out their names and send them a pass? The answer covers the whole case. It is to bribe them—to dispose them kindly to the road, and that is bribery. It should seem that every man who holds a free pass and thinks for a moment of the nature and object of free passes would instantly return his own. He rides for nothing. His poor neighbor on the seat beside him, who can ill afford the money, pays for his ride. Why is not his neighbor presented with a pass? Has honor nothing to say in the case? Has what is called "old-fashioned honesty" wholly disappeared? The pass represents to a member of the Legislature in New York only some six or eight dollars a week during the session. Doesn't he sell himself rather cheaply? Or does he spurn the insinuation that such a sum buys him? Then if he intends to make no return, why does he take the pass?

THE BLAINE MYTH.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* says that he has personal information that the Blaine boom is not intended to "scare off other candidates," but, while premature, is genuine, although he is assured that Mr. Blaine "will not be a candidate under any possible circumstances." This is no doubt an honest statement of an actual assurance. But the trouble is with the subject. Nobody can take seriously any assurance of any kind concerning Mr. Blaine. Nobody has proved that he is authorized to speak for him, and without questioning the correspondent's veracity, probably not a single reader of the *Post* believed the story merely because the correspondent had been assured by somebody that it was true.

The subject of Mr. Blaine's nomination is one of conjecture solely. Probably Mr. Blaine has not yet decided whether he would accept the honor if it should be offered to him. All that can be said with any certainty is based not upon private assurances of any kind, but upon the public demonstrations of public bodies, the remarks of individual politicians, and the tone of newspapers, and these undoubtedly agree in showing that Mr. Blaine is the choice of his party, and that if the Convention were now to meet, he would be nominated by acclamation.

It is undoubtedly the general belief that Mr. Blaine is not in robust health. But it is not an equally evident general belief that his health would not permit him to accept a nomination. If he were known to be as well as the President, it might still be impossible to know that he would or would not be a candidate. To observers of a cynical turn it is probably satisfactory to perceive that there is something that the newspapers cannot find out.

THE ARMISTICE IN TENNESSEE.

We alluded some time since to the armistice between the miners in Tennessee and the Governor of the State. Certain coal companies had hired convict miners, and the miners who were not convicts appeared in arms to prevent their working. The State authorities were unable or unwilling to maintain order and secure respect for the law, which authorizes leasing convicts for labor, and a conference took place resulting in a treaty by which the armed miners agreed not to interfere if the Governor would summon the Legislature to act upon the subject, and if the Legislature would repeal the law. If not, the miners reserved the right to resume hostilities.

It was an extraordinary incident, but the Governor kept faith, and the Legislature was assembled. He did not undertake, however, to make the horse drink, and the horse is not disposed to drink. The Legislature is evidently in no hurry to repeal the law. There are various propositions, such as the termination of leases at the discretion of the Attorney-General, an investigation of the whole subject by a committee of inquiry, influencing the lessees in some manner, and even authorizing the employment of militia as long as may be necessary to quell insurrection.

There is no doubt of the evil of convict leases. But the laws that authorize such leases cannot be wisely repealed under the coercion of armed citizens. If that is the way to repeal one law, it is an equally good way to repeal another. It must first be determined whether organized society exists in Tennessee, and the armistice throws considerable doubt upon that point.

THE OHIO SENATORSHIP.

There is one possible result of the election in Ohio which interests everybody of whatever party he may be. It is apparently understood that the election involves not only the choice of a United States Senator, but the possible displacement of Mr. Sherman by Mr. Foraker. This is a subject of interest beyond Ohio. The United States Senate has been the pride of the country. It has been the arena of the greatest debates affecting the national welfare by the greatest statesmen that we have produced. A seat in the Senate has been the aim of the political ambition of the ablest men, and although the character of the Senate has undoubtedly somewhat declined, it is a decline which every patriotic American will withstand in every feasible way.

There is no Senator now in the Chamber who is superior in public ability, knowledge, experience, and capacity of great public service to Mr. Sherman. His presence there gives the State of Ohio the same kind of prestige that Webster and Sumner gave to Massachusetts, and Seward to New York. At a time when financial questions take precedence of others, the financial ability which made Mr. Sherman's administration of the Treasury rank with the most distinguished in our history, makes his continued presence in the Senate the interest of the whole country. If his party should carry Ohio and remove him from the Senate, it would be what Sumner's removal by Republican Massachusetts would have been while the slavery question was yet unsettled.

Mr. Foraker has been in public life long enough to show his quality. Can his warmest friends say that he has exhibited such political wisdom, character, and judgment as to make it desirable to place him in Mr. Sherman's seat? If political and party objections may be raised to Mr. Sherman, do they not exist against Mr. Foraker? No citizen, of course, has a vested right in any office, nor is any such right alleged. But if Republican Ohio desires in the Senate the qualities which are now most desirable for the benefit of the whole country and for her own renown, are they more apparent in Mr. Foraker than in Mr. Sherman? That is a question which may be properly asked of Ohio in every State.

THE ISSUE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The Republican party in Pennsylvania is held responsible for the acts of Bardsley and the other dishonest officers in the city of Philadelphia, just as the Democratic party in New York was held responsible for the crimes of Tweed and his crew. It is not supposed in either case that every adherent of the party is personally guilty of fraud, but an organized body of citizens that selects public officers who cheat the public will not be willingly trusted next time to select them. The occasional wreck of a steamer does not harm the reputation of the company that sends it to sea, but successive wrecks and an evident recklessness in management will destroy confidence in the company and drive passengers elsewhere.

A few months ago a large number of Pennsylvania Republicans protested against the continued mastery of the party in that State by Quay. The State Convention proved that his mastery was still supreme. There is a wide feeling that Bardsleys naturally flourish in a party dominated by Quays, and the Pennsylvania Democrats justly denounce in their platform not the policies but the thefts of Republicans. Their platform expresses the feeling of honest men, whether of one party or the other. It is the abuse of patronage which has disgraced Pennsylvania as it disgraced New York, and in Pennsylvania now, as in New York twenty years ago, the question is honest administration, and not the tariff or the currency.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* is a Republican journal of the old-fashioned kind, as the men who protest against Quay's leadership are old-fashioned Republicans, and the *Ledger* speaks for honest Pennsylvanians in saying:

> "It is indispensably necessary that the 'spoils system' should be struck by a crushing defeat in Pennsylvania. It is for the voters of the State now to judge—now that the issue is joined as to the deliverances in the resolutions of both conventions—which party and which nominees are likely to strike the blow that will defeat and stamp out the system. Is it the organization that shows a disposition to confuse and belittle the vital issues in the State canvass, or is it that opposing party which goes at the important work in the clearest, most direct, earnest, and energetic way?"

PERSONAL.

The accomplishments and acquirements of Hieronymus Lorm, Germany's blind poet, are remarkable when it is known that ever since the age of fifteen he has been bereft of the senses of sight and hearing. He was born in Austria, but, when a young man, was driven from Vienna on account of his political writings. Going to Berlin, he made himself widely known and influential. Now, at the age of seventy, he lives in a pleasant home at Dresden, among his children and friends, and is still comparatively hale and hearty. His poems and other works have been published in several editions. Communication with the poet is carried on almost entirely by finger taps or touches, various combinations forming letters and words. He is a good chess-player.

—J. C. Heywood, the Harvard graduate who has just been made one of the Pope's chamberlains, was formerly a newspaper writer in this city. He published several volumes of poems and a novel, and then married a rich American widow and went to Rome, where he has lived ever since.

—Secretary Noble, of the Interior Department, is said to have such a dislike for tobacco that he cannot bear to have any one smoke in his presence. This antipathy has grown out of the fact that when a boy he was at one time forced to work in a room where smoking was constantly going on, and was made very sick by it.

—Sir Edwin Arnold and Austin Dobson are among the prominent English literary men who are coming to this country this fall and winter to give lectures and readings.

—Since retiring to Hindhead to finish the work of his life, Professor Tyndall has been subjected to annoyances from disobliging neighbors which might try even a philosopher. First, to preserve needed seclusion, he was forced to buy a large piece of land which a speculative builder advertised in building lots as "overlooking the grounds of Professor Tyndall." He left the property open, however, and picnic parties and wild-fruit gatherers have made free with the heath. More recently an adjoining tenant started to build a stable close to the professor's favorite walk and in full view of his study window, and persisted in doing so, although he was offered a different site free of cost and $500 in money to change his purpose. To protect himself against the offence to his vision, if not to his nostrils, the philosopher had to erect a screen of larch poles and heather, and now carping critics speak of his act as ungenerous and churlish.

—Professor Ferruccio Busoni, the Russian pianist, who left the imperial conservatory at Moscow to join the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music at Boston, is but twenty-five years old, but has been before the public for eighteen years. He made his first appearance as an infant prodigy.

—Ex-Senator Blanche K. Bruce, of Mississippi, has held the highest official position ever attained by a colored man in this country, having at one time, by Vice-President Wheeler's request, presided over the United States Senate. Mr. Bruce's son was named after Roscoe Conkling, in recognition of a courtesy which the New York Senator showed him when he first entered the Senate. It was time for Mr. Bruce to be sworn in, but his Republican colleague, Senator Alcorn, instead of escorting him to the Vice-President's desk, according to custom, quietly ignored him. Then Mr. Conkling quickly arose, and gracefully performed the service.

—John Ruskin has made a record as a hydraulic engineer by solving for the inhabitants of Filking, a small town in Sussex, England, the problem of obtaining an adequate supply of drinking water. As an evidence of their gratitude the people have erected a tablet "to the glory of God and in honor of John Ruskin."

—David Christie Murray, the English journalist and novelist, who has recently made his début on the London stage, is about forty-four years old and six feet tall. He ran away from Oxford to enlist in a cavalry regiment, where he distinguished himself as a rider, fencer, and boxer. When he tired of soldiering he became a newspaper correspondent, and was at the front during the Russo-Turkish war.

—A train on which Jay Gould was recently riding over the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad made a run of eight and one-half miles in five minutes, an average of one hundred and two miles an hour.

—The question of whether Mrs. Hopkins-Searles's mind was unsound because she believed in spiritualism promises to play an important part in the contest of her will by her adopted son, Timothy Hopkins. She became deeply interested in spiritualism during the latter part of her life, and it is claimed that in the disposal of her millions she was unduly influenced by alleged spiritualistic manifestations.

—When Dr. J. R. Speer, a prominent physician, died at Pittsburg the other day, he was buried in a walnut coffin which was made for him three years ago. His wife's coffin was fashioned from the wood of the same tree.

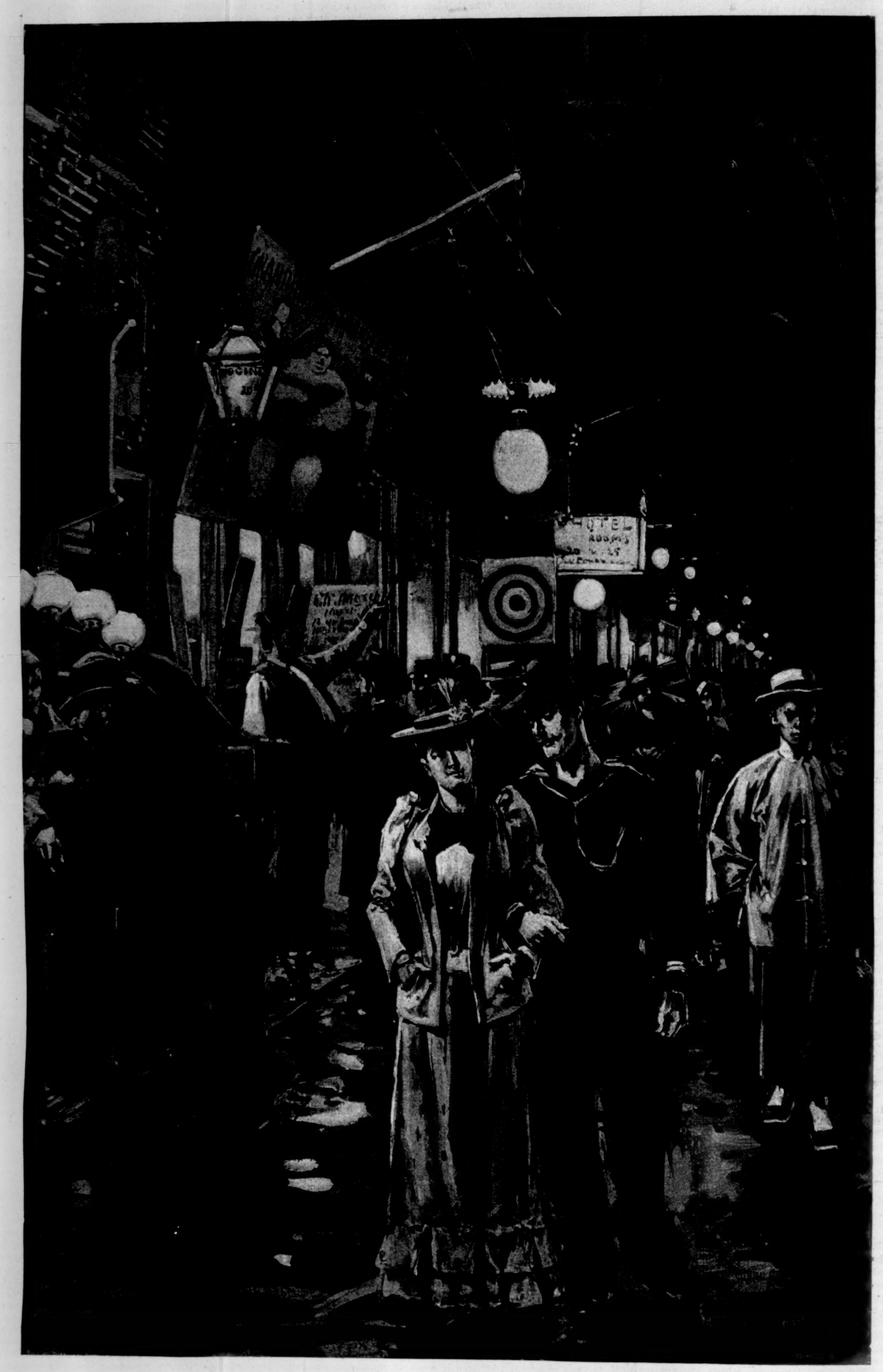
—Among the young men in this city who are pushing their way to the front and are bound to make a mark is Clarence D. Ashley, of the Metropolis Law School, an evening institution which is meeting with marked success. After graduation from Yale and the Columbia Law School, Mr. Ashley took a course of Roman law at the University of Berlin, and has since been successfully engaged in the practice of law in this city.

—Robert Louis Stevenson is the authority for the statement that the character of Pinkerton, of *The Wrecker*, is drawn from life, the original being the head of a well-known syndicate of this city.

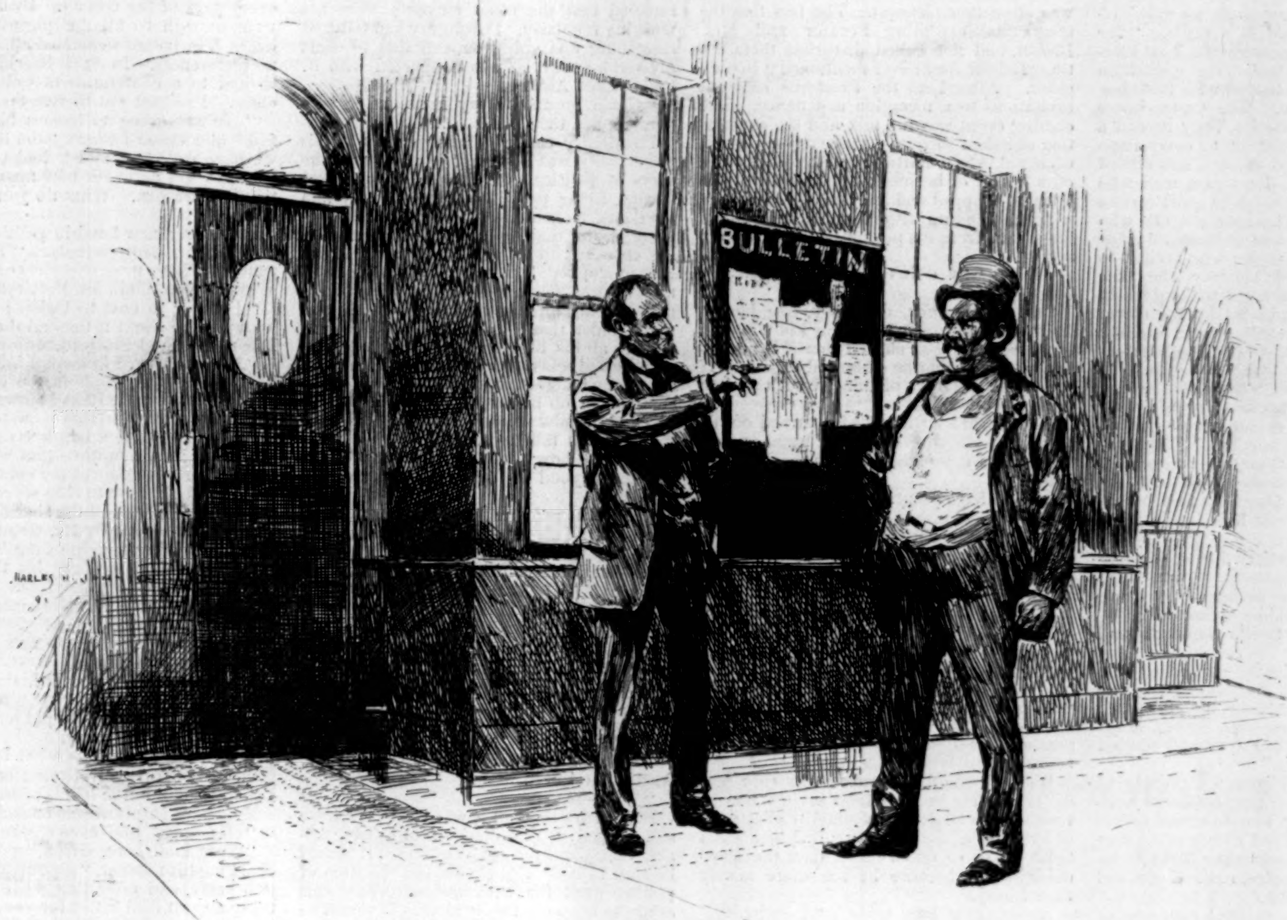
—Allen Nichols, of "Brookside," who has sent several excellent poems to the Weekly, will oblige the editor by sending a fuller address.

—When Justice Field was a student at Williams College he displayed a fondness for languages, and after his graduation he continued their study. He has a good knowledge of at least seven different languages, including modern Greek and Turkish, and is undoubtedly the linguist of the Supreme Bench.

—The amusing pictures of people in London society which have appeared for so many years in *Punch* are not caricatures, the artist, George du Maurier, says, but faithful representations of the ridiculous side of society life as he has seen it. Bishops and flunkies, he admits, are his favorite types for illustration, and many of the absurd situations which he has depicted are actual occurrences. The gowns and bonnets he draws are true to the fashions of the times, and are copied from those worn by his wife and three daughters. Mr. Du Maurier lives on the top of a great hill, at the edge of Hampstead Heath, in a house full of works of art. A little grandson and his dogs, who often appear in his pictures, are among his companions. Amid these homelike surroundings, this man, who has drawn fun for the English-reading public during the last twenty-seven years, leads an ideal life.



A NIGHT ON THE BOWERY.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 710.]



A NEW DEAL.

BY L. R. MEEKINS.

"WHAT'S this? *Hand-Book of Etiquette!* Well, well!" and he opened the volume. "'Forms of Declination!'" he read again. "'Mr. and Mrs. De Dash regret extremely that they are unable to accept the polite invitation of Mr. and Mrs. De Blank.' It's too bad! I wonder if they've got measles in the family, or perhaps the children are down with the croup. Now look here, my dear, if you're going to get fashionable, I'll resign, and go back to Green's Cross Roads."

Abner Green was not the first man who found something amusing in a book on etiquette, and as long as a sense of humor remains with the human race, he will not be the last. But in the case of himself and his wife Jane there was a special significance. They were on the threshold of a new career. He had been elected sheriff of Choptauk County. With the honor of personal success and the credit of saving the ticket was the removal from the monotony of a cross-roads store to the excitement of town life. He had established Major Powderdry, his deputy, in the jail residence, and for himself and Jane had taken a house in a desirable section of Salem, the county-seat.

Salem was a place of 2000 people, mostly politicians; but while it was small, it was exacting in its social demands. Family was greater than wealth, although wealth was occasionally accepted as a substitute for ancestry. With the Greens the situation was in the middle; their antecedents were humble but reputable, and their means were the comfortable results of attention to business and economy. In Sussex District they were as good as other people, but in the county town they had the disadvantage of newness. Abner's election had made him known, and he was geographically immortalized in the naming of Green's Cross Roads, but he knew that the best success under the changed circumstances must come from a policy of prudence. He idolized Jane, he believed her better than the best, and he had the fullest confidence in her social possibilities. So while he made fun of the *Hand-Book of Etiquette,* he was secretly elated by its presence in the house.

Their town life began as an experiment, and grew on observation. Everything was new. It was the step from the informality of rural intercourse, in which everybody knew everybody, to the clearly defined circles of an organized society. Salem had an aristocracy. The aristocrats were proud of their transatlantic ancestries, proud of the official honors that had come to their names in the republic. In their life they mingled the consciousness of their origin with a superiority of the present that demanded a dignified standard of conduct and a general recognition of their family importance. Their ancestors may have come over because of a stress of financial circumstances, or they may have come because of other reasons which it would not be polite to inquire into, but the mere fact that they came early was enough.

In Salem politics followed the lines of society as closely as possible. Many of the aristocrats depended upon office for their incomes. The intelligence of the county concentrated in the town manipulated affairs so as to secure the choicest results for its favorites. Sometimes there were signs of revolt in the outlying districts, and occasionally rural leaders became so strong that danger was threatened, but the bosses at Salem—"the court-house crowd"—were full of policy and pacification.

Colonel Short, who was the chief of the bosses, was a man of middle age, close in his dealings, but zealously alert in his personal habits. In many respects he was an ideal politician of the practical sort. He was well posted. He studied men, managed them by their vanities, and saved himself in emergencies by adroitly allowing candidates to fight one another instead of assailing him. Abner Green's name was placed on the ticket in this peculiar manner. There was a scramble for the sheriff's office. None of the scramblers suited Colonel Short. Abner had commended himself by his reticence, his good sense, and his service as a secret handler of campaign funds. Colonel Short and he talked it over. The sheriff's office was promised to him. The agreement was a mutual confidence. Not a word was said, but in a few weeks nearly every district in the county had a candidate, and when the convention met they fought each other beyond the hope of peace. It was then that Colonel Short, in his capacity of peace-maker, got Major Powderdry to withdraw as the candidate of Sussex District, and substitute the name of Green, who was there as one of the Major's delegates. The startled look of feigned astonishment that Abner showed to the cheering convention was to Colonel Short one of the most delightful experiences in all his political career, and the fact that Abner, now installed as sheriff, had Major Powderdry as the chief deputy, added to his appreciation of the episode.

Next to Colonel Short in power was Mr. Presford, who for sixteen consecutive years had enjoyed the fees of the clerkship of the Circuit Court. He was the politest man in the county, a dispenser of cordiality that occasionally cheered but never compromised. An illustrious ancestry, comprising an officer in the Revolutionary army, a foreign minister, and a member of Congress, illumined his social importance. His wife, with family connections equalling his own, was the leader of the county society, and her house was the centre of its aristocracy. To Mr. Presford there was a place for politics and a place for society, and he objected to desecrating his home for electioneering purposes. He looked upon Abner Green as one of the incidents of politics. Secretly it may have pained him to see the party conferring its offices on persons of inferior pedigree, but he was too polite and too politic to confess to the feeling, and, moreover, the party had to do something occasionally for the common people or it might lose their votes.

Around Colonel Short and Mr. Presford were a dozen lawyers of varying ages, some of whom held offices, and all of whom were looking for larger opportunities. Henry Carr was the most prominent. He was a fine fellow, with a plenty of natural eloquence, a sturdy manhood, and an unusual equipment of that rare but valuable quality in politics—patience. The aristocrats confidently expected to hear his voice in Congress. A contrast to Carr was little Dickey Binson, a small but active aristocrat, who dressed better and put on more style with his few hundred dollars salary as a copying clerk under his uncle, Mr. Presford, than the richest man in the county. Dickey's chief ambition in life was to talk family, dance all night, and draw his salary in advance. Carr appreciated Abner Green's qualities. Dickey thought it a base presumption for an "old hayseed" to try to enter the town's society.

Abner Green was blissfully unconscious of the emotions that his coming had aroused. He had always made it a rule to attend to his own business, and he and Jane thought mainly of getting settled in their home. Jane's natural good taste was quick to appreciate and utilize suggestions, and the result was that within a month their house was in excellent order.

By that time, too, the neighbors had begun to visit them. Among the first were Senator and Mrs. Boone, who lived on the opposite side of the street, and who belonged to the best society of the town. It was foreordained that Jane and Mrs. Boone, both of whom were great home-bodies, should at some time in their lives come together. At first they seemed a little scared at each other, but the moment they began to talk flowers and preserves, they felt very comfortably acquainted. When they got so as to exchange recipes and patterns and cook-books, they reached that domestic affinity that smoothed all thoughts into a perfect harmony of feeling; and when Mrs. Boone was sick for three days, and Jane prepared jellies for her and spent the afternoon at her bedside, the friendship grew into that strong if somewhat occasional reciprocity that makes one family refer to another as "the best of neighbors."

Men have no such short-cuts to intimacy. They cannot exchange patterns and recipes and make jellies for one another. But in some way Abner and the Senator got along wonderfully well. They spent many evenings together. The Senator was a lawyer of long experience with men and affairs, a citizen whose sharp interest in public matters was more in the abstract than in personal participation, although he had been a member of the State Senate, the title of which honor still clung to his name.

"I was very sorry that you refused a second term," said Abner one evening. "You were the truest representative that the county has had since I can remember. If your plans had been carried out, we would have the old-time majority and the old-time enthusiasm."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Mr. Green. You appreciate as well as I do how methods have changed. We have bossism here in its worst form. Our politics has become a scramble for office, and our friends in town are manipulating it so that they always get the rewards. Money has taken the place of merit, and promises made only to be broken are more powerful than principles. I was placed on the ticket to save it, but when success came to us, and I tried to introduce a few reforms in our county government, I found all the influences arrayed against me. I wanted to abolish the fee system in our offices, and substitute salaries; I wanted strict examination of accounts and a better election law—all of which the bosses opposed. They were stronger than I. And so our high taxes go on, our county is mismanaged, and the people's money finds its way into private pockets.

By-the-way, I understand that you had quite an experience with those managers?"

"In what way?" asked Abner, utterly upset by the remark.

"Oh, because I know them so well," replied Senator Boone, with a smile. "See if I can guess the *modus operandi*. Last summer the outlook was bad. The opposition were active, and were loaded with first-class campaign ammunition. The Court-house Crowd became frightened. They needed a majority in Sussex District to carry them through. They looked around, and settled on Mr. Abner Green. He was a man who stood well, who had done good quiet service in politics, who had no antagonisms, and who possessed a few thousand dollars laid aside for a rainy day. Mr. Green was invited to a conference with Colonel Short. The office was promised to him as a gift, without a cent of cost. He was nominated by the clever ruse that made the result appear entirely unpremeditated. It was after the nomination that Mr. Green's troubles began. He had to work like a plough-horse, and he had to go down into his pockets, for after his nomination he would rather have spent all he possessed than be defeated." The Senator paused a moment, and then resumed: "And I very strongly suspect that the nomination offered to Mr. Green so free of expense made quite a little hole into a thousand dollars."

Abner's face was a study during the Senator's diagnosis. All he could say was, "Senator, you will have to guess again."

"Not two thousand!" he exclaimed.

"No; just about twelve hundred and fifty."

And both men laughed.

"Mr. Green, it is not the best of good taste to give a man advice without his asking for it, especially if the giver be a lawyer, but I hope you will keep your eyes well opened while you are in Salem."

In less than a week from the evening of this conversation, Abner received a note from Colonel Short asking him to come to his office. He was welcomed with marked cordiality. The usual greetings drifted into remarks upon current topics, until the colonel reached a personal point.

"It was one of the greatest pleasures of my life, Mr. Green," he said, "to be instrumental in having you nominated and elected, and I am very glad to know that you are so comfortably settled in town. I should have been delighted to have gone on your bond, but you had it all arranged before I could offer my services."

Abner thanked him.

"Of course you know," he continued, "that I hold no office. I give my time and money to the party management because I want to see our party victorious and our county in safe hands. I ask no rewards for my work, but I have thought, Mr. Green, that if you could do me a favor occasionally, we might work together in some matters."

Abner bowed his head, but said nothing.

"You remember," went on the colonel, in his blandest tones, "that when we agreed on the nomination last summer, we also agreed to stand by each other. My part of the contract, you know, has been faithfully carried out."

Abner remembered it. He also remembered the twelve hundred and fifty dollars. What he said, however, had no apparent relation to these thoughts.

"In what way, colonel, can I serve you?" he asked.

"Now we are coming to it. It is in your power as sheriff to give to me as a lawyer a great many important cases, a service which will in no way compromise you, and which will enable you and me to work together. As long as I have no office, it is only fair that I should get these indirect favors from our party."

"Is that all?"

"Well, of course I may ask you once and awhile to give special attention to some legal matters that may fall into your hands. They will give you little trouble, and will be in the strict line of your duty."

There was a pause, which was broken by Abner's rising to go.

"I believe we understand each other," said the colonel.

"Yes," said Abner, "I understand it;" and thanking the colonel for inviting him to call, he left the office.

The next evening Abner went over to see his neighbor. They were together in the library. The conversation was mainly on politics and county affairs.

"Senator," said Abner, "I have been looking into things down at the court-house in a quiet way, and I was wondering to-day what the control of all the county offices was worth. Now take my place—the sheriff's work and his influence?"

Senator Boone's eyes twinkled. "It is hard to say, but I suppose from six to ten thousand dollars would be a fair estimate for all the offices, and about three or four thousand for the sheriff's office, although in some years it is worth five, provided the sheriff devotes all patronage to one lawyer, and gives that enviable gentleman precedence in all legal matters. Do you want a partner?"

"Oh no," laughed Abner. "If I should, I'll advertise for bids."

"The only difficulty about it," said the Senator, "is that it is a big risk for the sheriff's reputation, and is rather against his oath of office; but of course a little thing like that doesn't count in our modern politics."

Abner and Jane soon had a comfortable circle of acquaintances, and their town life was altogether pleasant. The fact that the aristocrats, excepting Senator and Mrs. Brown, had not called disturbed them little. Indeed, they never mentioned it to each other. After Lent the Presfords sent out invitations to a reception and dance. The coming event was the talk and the expectation of Salem society. Three days before it occurred, Abner started into the clerk's office on a matter of business. As he reached the door he stopped suddenly to see if he had his memorandum with him, and as he pulled his papers from his pocket he heard a voice say,

"Dick, why didn't your uncle ask the Greens?"

"Oh, come now, dear boy, one has to draw the line somewhere, you know. Just because Green was elected sheriff is no reason why he should be embraced socially. If you begin that sort of thing, what's society going to amount to?"

Abner heard no more. He turned on his heel and walked away. That night at supper he acted more tenderly than usual toward Jane.

"What have you to do to-morrow, dear?" he asked.

"Nothing in particular."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. You can go up to Sussex with me, can't you?"

"Yes, Abner, and I'll be very glad to go."

"Then suppose we spend four days there. I've got some business around the district, and it will take you and the other women that long to trade gossip."

When they returned—after a very pleasant visit, of course—the Presford reception was over, and Abner resumed his work as if the greatest social event of the season had not ruffled the surface of the town.

With Powderdry, however, the case was different. He had not been invited, and he resented the slight. "My family is as good as Presford's," he declared, "and he needn't think he is so much better than the Powderdrys just because he has more money than I have."

Abner drew him aside. "Powderdry," he said, "don't make a fool of yourself. That kind of talk hurts you ten times as much as it hurts Presford."

But if Powderdry accepted Abner's advice in this respect, he did not stop his tongue in other matters. His work took him over the county. Country people always want to know what is going on in town, and Major Powderdry was quite willing to accommodate them.

"The Court-house Crowd are running things with a pretty high hand," he declared, "and are living like lords off the money of the tax-payers. Old Short and Presford have the best of it. If Senator Boone's plan of salaries, which he wanted to get through the Legislature, was in force they would not have half the money that they now have, and you people would have lower taxes. We fellows who have worked for the party all our lives hardly get enough to live on."

"How's Abner Green?" they asked.

"Oh, he's all right, but he don't seem to suit the bosses. He runs his office honestly, and they don't like it. I tell you, gentlemen, if we had more of him in office the country would be better off. I know for a fact that he has saved a dozen of the people by giving them a little time and keeping off the mortgage-holding lawyers."

Reports of this talk soon found its way back to Salem. The bosses were quick to appreciate its influence. They had hitherto negatived criticism by having their own men talk it down, and ascribe it to the campaign lies of the opposition. They had long deceived the farmers and villagers. Powderdry's remarks were doubly dangerous. They must stop it.

Short and Presford sent for Abner. He came at the appointed time.

"Mr. Green," said Colonel Short, "we have a complaint to make."

"Gentlemen, I'm all attention," replied the sheriff.

"Your deputy has been going around the county peddling a lot of nonsense that will hurt the party if his mouth is not closed."

"It will be pretty hard to do that," said Abner, with a smile.

"But it's got to stop," said Presford.

"Yes," joined Short, "and it must stop right away. We gave you this office."

"*You* gave it to me, gentlemen?" queried Abner, with innocent emphasis.

"If it had not been for us you would never have gotten it. And since you have been there, you have done nothing for us. You appointed Powderdry without consulting us. You run its affairs without asking our advice. You—"

There was a slight pause. Abner uncrossed his legs, and looking directly at Colonel Short, asked, "What do you want?"

"You must discharge Powderdry."

"Yes, and you must discharge him at once," added Presford.

Abner arose. "Gentlemen," he said, with considerable firmness in his voice, "who is sheriff of this county?"

"Oh, there's no use getting angry about it," said the colonel, quickly.

"Of course not, of course not. I'm not at all angry, neither are you, but let me say that as long as I'm sheriff, Powderdry remains my deputy."

There is a kind of atmospheric electricity pervading the politics of all county towns. The air in Salem was heavily charged with it, and gradually the office-holders became satisfied that the usual currents were not working regularly. Powderdry had felt that something was going on, and that in some mysterious way he was connected with it. So he asked Abner.

"Come around to my house after supper," replied the sheriff.

Powderdry came. The very fact of his punctuality was a strange exhibition of the ways of politics. Six months before, Powderdry, living proudly on his ancestry and his debts, looked upon Abner Green as nothing more than an humble storekeeper. He expected to be the county sheriff, but Abner stepped in and got the office, and now he was serving as an underling of the man he once affected to patronize. He was much older than Abner; he had been in politics all his life; but he had talked more than he had schemed, and the result had been continuous defeat, until Abner had taken compassion on his twenty-five years of failure, and appointed him a deputy.

In politics talk is costly, silence is valuable. Just how much to say, and how to say it, is beyond the price of rubies and fine jewels.

Abner was not in a hurry to open the conversation. This act increased Powderdry's anxiety.

"What I tell you shall not be mentioned to a soul?" said Abner.

"I promise that faithfully."

"Well, Short and Presford lodged a complaint against you." Abner spoke slowly.

Powderdry was nervous. "Against me!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, against you. And they said that you must be discharged." Abner looked across the room.

"And you—you—" began Powderdry, fearing the worst.

"Well—ah—"

Powderdry thought it was true. He arose and gasped: "You don't mean to say, Abner, that you—you— Why, man, it would be ruin to me! I've chased the phantom of politics until I'm bankrupt, with only this salary to keep my family alive. It would be ruin, I tell you."

"They are the bosses, you know," said Abner, quite calmly.

"But you—did you—could you—say yes?"

"No, not exactly. I told them that they might go to the devil."

The effect was unnatural, but the major always was of an emotional temperament, and the tears seemed to come in spite of his gray hairs. He really cried, and Abner sat there with a smile on his face as if he enjoyed it.

"Come now, Powderdry," said he, coaxingly, "don't take on so. It's a very little matter. We've been brought down here as a pair of country bumpkins, and we've got to take care of ourselves. The trouble with you is that you talk too much. Just shut down on yourself. Politics is a game of bluff and silence, and the less you say and the calmer you look, the more you get."

The major's tears disappeared. "Abner, you are right."

"You have been saying some things about affairs here in town," continued the sheriff. "When you do that again, show discretion. If you are asked about the Court-house Crowd, don't use too many words. They might inconvenience you. Appear mysterious, and so forth, and so forth, and you will get the same effect. And about the sheriff's office, don't boast too much, but just say that Green is attending to his work, and is refusing to play into the hands of the legal sharps, and mention a few instances where we have saved farmers by giving them time. But while you are about it, put in a good word for Senator Boone, as the best friend the people ever had in the Legislature."

The bosses did not like Green's independence. It injured their plans. It took away certain revenues that they had enjoyed. The mortgage-holders and note-shavers found that they no longer had a subservient tool. Colonel Short was especially sore. He did not have his usual monopoly of business. And yet Abner was wise enough to give him a share of it. Still the circumstances were serious enough to cause Short and Presford to meet and talk over the situation.

But Sheriff Green became remarkably circumspect in his conduct. He earned the respect and esteem of the town people, and spending much of his time in driving around the district, the villagers and farmers soon got to know him better than any one else in the county. He was always polite, always attentive, and always willing to do any favors that were in his power. More than that, the country folks, when they came to town, found a good home welcome at his house, and Jane presided over the hospitalities with that grace and simplicity that charmed all her guests. She helped the women with their shopping, and pleased the men by her interest in their families. "The Greens are nice people," said the country visitors. "They are always glad to see us, and they are not uppish like the other folks in town."

And so matters went along through the summer. In the fall the campaign was unimportant, but in it Sheriff Green was a worker. While the vote, as in all off years, was light elsewhere, the full party strength was polled in the upper districts, from which Abner had come.

In February the plans for the great election began—the election of the county officers, including the clerk, whose term of office was six years. Candidates sprang up from every part of the county. By March there were enough to fill the places four times over. The bosses welcomed all, but showed no preferences. In April Sheriff Green was invited to a conference at Colonel Short's office. Presford was there. So was Carr.

"We are going to have a big fight this fall," said Colonel Short, "the biggest fight we have ever had, and it looks to me that we must get as much new material on the ticket as we can. What do you think, Mr. Green?"

"Oh, I'm a new hand in politics, colonel," said Abner, deprecatingly. "These other gentlemen have more experience than I have. What do you think, Mr. Presford?"

"I prefer to bow to Colonel Short. He knows more about it than all the rest of us, I fear," declared Presford.

"In some way, I know not how," Colonel Short said, "the people in the county have got the idea that we folks in town are trying to run the party, and they seem to think that they ought to have a larger say in the management. Now I propose that we distribute the ticket so as to cover the county. To do that we should have to skip several districts, and as Sussex has had the sheriff's office for two years, I thought, Mr. Green, that you might be willing to help us out."

Abner stopped twirling his thumbs, and glanced at the men before him.

"Do I understand, gentlemen, that the ticket is to be entirely new?"

"Well, mostly new; as new as we can make it," replied Short.

"I suppose, Mr. Presford, that you will decline a renomination?"

The question was slyly put, and it almost staggered the conference.

"Well—ah—I will do what I can for the good of the party, Mr. Green; but of course I shall remain in the hands of my friends."

Evidently Presford was embarrassed.

"Of course," said Abner, *sotto voce*.

"Now look here, Green," put in Short, changing his manner, "give up this office for two years, and after that we'll have something a great deal better for you."

Abner strangled the smile before it reached the surface.

"We gave this place—one of the best in the county—to you, you know."

"Yes, you did—you gave it freely—and the gift cost me twelve hundred and fifty dollars."

"We couldn't help that," said the colonel; "it's politics."

"Well," asked Abner again, "if I retire, what assurance will I have that you will remember your promise two years from now?"

"You have our word."

"Gentlemen, pardon me, but I don't like the security," said the sheriff as he arose. "I prefer to follow the example of Mr. Presford, and remain in the hands of my friends."

"That is base ingratitude," declared Colonel Short.

"No, colonel; it's politics."

When Abner left, the door closed upon three silent men. They were in that somewhat uncomfortable state in which no one knows exactly what to say. The colonel arose, went to the window, and then turning suddenly, blurted out,

"He's a d—— fool."

"That's what we get for putting such a dunce in politics," said Presford, as he threw his cigar in the coal-scuttle. "We've imported him from the backwoods, and now he thinks that he is the biggest man in the county."

Carr, who had been a silent listener to everything, got up and jammed his hat on the back of his head.

"Carr, what do you think?" asked Short.

"I think," said Carr, musingly, "that you've got a nice large white elephant named Green on your hands, and that if you don't feed him well he'll bu'st up your show."

Abner went directly home, and retired to his room. He sat by the window poring over a map, making notes, and jotting down names. Then, with his data, he threw himself on the bed. He did not sleep, but with his eyes wide open added occasionally to his memoranda. One hour afterwards he arose, and all the hard lines disappeared from his face. When he went down stairs he was buoyant and smiling.

"Been asleep?" asked Jane.

"No, dear; just resting, and making out my route. I've got to go away on business for several days."

"Senator Boone's going away too, to-morrow, and Mrs. Boone was saying she did not know what she should do."

"Ask her to come and stay with you. I'll go over after supper and take the invitation myself."

He went. The invitation was delivered and accepted. Presently the Senator and Abner retired to the library. Their conference was long and earnest. Abner asked the fullest details of the boss management. Every trick, every resource, was explained by the Senator.

"Now, Senator," said Abner, "one more point. Will you go to the Senate again?"

"I will not make a contest for a nomination, nor will I spend anything for the election," he replied. "If the people want me, they can nominate and elect me. I'll deliver speeches and explain my views, but I won't pay a cent of blackmail to a lot of swindlers who call themselves managers."

"That's all I want to know," said Abner. "Just stick to that position and say nothing."

Abner started out the next morning bright and early. For nearly a week he was travelling from store to store, from house to house, from district to district. Everywhere he was holding conferences, and his invariable explanation of his visits was business. When he returned, Major Powderdry was sent out on another round of official duty. The people began to pour into town for their spring shopping, and the Green house became their rendezvous. It made no difference how many visitors there were, Jane always had room for more.

Weeks were passing, and it was drawing near the busy season of politics. The bosses laid aside their social exclusiveness and began their electioneering hospitality. Even the Presfords unbent, and little Dickey Binson was polite to everybody. Colonel Short and Mr. Presford made their tour of the county, but while they were well received, they seemed to miss something. They could not tell just what it was.

Abner doubled his activity. He was at a different church every Sunday, at the festivals and picnics and camp-meetings, saying little, but saying it well, and being generous when generosity was wise. If two events conflicted in the date, Abner was at one place, Powderdry at the other.

And so it went until the week before the primary election. Abner came back to town—"Come in, stranger," was the way Jane welcomed him—and the political atmosphere was full of latent excitement. Boss Short, doubtful about something and suspicious of the possibility of a defection in the ranks, sent for Sheriff Green.

"Tell the colonel that he can find me at home," was the reply to the messenger; but before the man got to the gate, he rushed out and shouted, "Never mind, I'm going down that way" "It's better for me to go," he added, to himself.

When he entered Short's office he saw that the colonel was ill at ease. He himself was calm.

"Colonel," he said, after the civilities were exchanged, "I believe that you sent for me."

"Yes, Mr. Green," replied Short, in his best voice. "We want to see what you will do for us if we let you have a renomination."

"In what way?"

"Well, the usual way, of course. You haven't been treating us fairly. You've been sending business to Boone and Carr that ought to have come to me, and within the past eight weeks you have made me lose money by not acting at once in matters that I placed in your hands."

"My understanding, colonel, is that I am sheriff of the county, and not of any one person."

"Of course you are—of course you are. You don't understand me; so let the matter drop. You want to be renominated. Now you understand that! Well, you shall have it if you will help us with the rest of the ticket."

"I'm much obliged to you, colonel, but I do not care for it." Abner said this quietly, but it had an enormous effect on the colonel. Losing his customary control, he jumped up and shouted:

"Then what in Heaven's name do you want?"

"That's my business," replied the sheriff.

"It shall me mine too," answered the colonel; "and if you do not help us out now, you'll have to suffer for it."

"Don't bite off too much, you might not be able to chew it," said Abner, with great deliberation.

Short recovered his equipoise, and with evident sarcasm replied, "Thank you very much for your advice."

"Oh, you're welcome;" and Abner bowed low and left the office.

On his way down the street he met Carr, who thanked him for having sent certain clients to his office. Abner drew him aside.

"Carr," he said, "if I were you I would keep hands off for the next few days. Take my advice and lay low; and don't say I told you."

Carr was a good lawyer, which is to say that he was a man of large policy and elaborate prudence.

Abner hurried home and resumed the work that he had left. He went over it carefully, and then, when he summed up his results, he took the names and figures over to Senator Boone. The Senator scanned them critically.

"It looks all right," he said.

But Abner did not rest with appearances. He was busy laying out new schemes, exhaustless in checkmating possible combinations of the Court-house Crowd.

The primaries were held. That night the news of them came to town. Abner was apparently unconcerned. Colonel Short and Mr. Presford were in doubt. They knew the men elected, but beyond that—nothing.

Following closely on the heels of the primaries came the convention. People from every section scented excitement, and they congregrated in full force to see the fun. Abner was up at six o'clock. Jane had laid in a heavy supply of food, with turkeys fat and tender, and home-made pies that pleased the taste so thoroughly that their indigestibility was forgiven.

Around the court-house groups began to gather. The roads leading to town pulsated with life. The streets became animated and noisy. Colonel Short's office had its doors wide open, with a welcome in the front room and a supply of demijohns in the rear. Mr. Presford paraded with his abundant politeness, and all the politicians and workers greeted the delegates with cordial hand-shakes and invitations to "wash the dust out of their throats."

The more Colonel Short canvassed the situation the less he liked it. The delegates had come to town with ideas of what they wanted, and what they wanted did not harmonize with the Court-house programme. His demand that Green should be turned down met with little favor. The delegates did not go to his office to see him as they once did. He had to seek them. In his perturbation he ran against Mr. Presford.

"What does it mean?" Presford asked.

"What does what mean?"

"Why, all these fellows are conferring with Green in the jury-room."

The time for the assembling of the convention arrived. Promptly the people filed into the big court-room and filled the benches. Delegates began to drop in. Reporters and secretaries took their seats. Everything was ready.

Just as the presiding officer rapped for order, Colonel Short, by a back stairway, entered the jury-room, and stood face to face with Sheriff Green. The other people had gone to hear the proceedings.

Short motioned to Green, and without a word both men stepped to the alcove of the window farthest from the door leading to the convention. Short jumped at once into the purpose of his call, and there was anger in his voice.

"I want to warn you, Mr. Green, that if you attempt any of your tricks to-day you'll suffer for them."

"Are you sure of it?" asked Abner.

"Yes; and if you have any prudence, you will take your renomination and help us out with our slate."

Abner put his thumbs in his vest and looked the colonel straight in the eye. "Colonel Short," he said, slowly and impressively, "you and your crowd are beaten out of your boots."

The usual self-control of the colonel disappeared. He flushed, and answered angrily, "I don't believe it."

"You've got to believe it," said Abner, earnestly.

Short's brow darkened. He began to speak: "I say that you—"

But before he completed the sentence somebody opened the door, and just that instant a delegate called for cheers for Boone and Green. The response that came, reinforced as it was by a cry of "Down with the note-shavers and up with honest men!" seemed to shake the building.

It shook it enough to break the slate that Short thought he was holding in his hand, and to silence the insult that was trembling on his lips.

"If this is true, it's trickery," he exclaimed, "it's base ingratitude, and I'll break up that convention if I have to die for it."

He started to go, but Abner got in his way, and laid his hands on him.

"No, you won't," he said.

"Take your hands off," Short shouted, hoarsely.

"If you go into that room, I'll expose all the crookedness that has been going on in this court-house, I will, so help me God."

Colonel Short staggered back to the alcove. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Never mind what I mean or what I know, but it is more than enough. The question is whether or not you want to get out of your wreck in decent shape. I don't want to be too hard on you. I'm willing to do what I can for your man Stinson for sheriff, if you will let Carr, as your representative, nominate me."

Short's curiosity got the better of his anger. "Nominate you? For what?" he asked.

"For clerk of the court," said Abner, quietly.

"For clerk of the court!" Short repeated, as if dumfounded. "Why, what's to become of Presford?"

"I'm sorry to say," replied Abner, with a calm cool smile, "that Mr. Presford stands no more show in that convention than a morning-glory in a January blizzard."

People spoke of the convention as one of the most harmonious that they had ever known, and they always alluded to Carr's speech nominating Abner Green as a masterpiece which was almost if not quite equal to the splendid address which Senator Boone delivered in accepting the nomination for the Senate as the representative of the people.

When Abner came to dinner on the day that he transferred himself from the shrievalty to the clerk's office, he found a feast.

"I thought you ought to have it," said Jane, in reply to his compliments. "It shows how glad I am that we are fixed to stay in town for six years more."

"Well," said Abner, "you did it. If it hadn't been for your good dinners and shopping trips with the country folks, we never could have won."

"How did you get along to-day?" asked Jane.

"Splendidly. I appointed Powderdry my chief deputy. The next thing I did was to discharge Dickey Binson, and I've felt good ever since."

"How was Mr. Presford?"

"As polite as a preacher to a rich trustee. In fact, my dear, I really think that if the De Presfords should have another reception they would invite the De Greens."

It was the first time the matter had ever been mentioned by either of them. But Jane understood it.

"And the De Greens," Abner went on, "would regret extremely that they were unable to accept the polite invitation of Mr. and Mrs. De Presford. That's the way it runs, isn't it, Jane?"

"Yes, Abner. At least that's what the *Hand-Book of Etiquette* says."

MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR.

WHO that visited the Paris Exposition of 1889 has forgotten the great Machinery Hall? Its architect, who had an eye to history, attempted the extraordinary, and reached it. His design mapped out a building that when finished was the largest ever erected by man—at least the largest in area of which there is any record or even tradition, for it covered more space than Solomon's temple, if, indeed, that massive pile was a real work and not a figure of speech.

It may be that Mr. George P. Post, of New York city, was familiar with the Paris Hall of Machinery, and it may be that he was not. That is a matter on which Mr. Post himself is perhaps best informed. But it is quite true that Mr. Post surpassed his French *confrère* in designing the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building for the Chicago Columbian Exposition. Were the ends of the Liberal Arts Building taken out, and a clear space left beneath the grand arch of its roof, a pair of horses might be hitched to the Paris Machinery Hall, and that ample structure drawn clearly through the Liberal Arts Building without the remotest danger of contact with either side or with the glass arch above, for the interior hall of the immense structure designed by the New York artist is fifteen feet wider, at least fifty feet higher, and some hundred feet longer than its French example.

Of course the building, being the largest in the world (and the largest in history, as it is alleged), is the largest and most capacious of all the buildings of the Exposition. Its exact dimensions are 800 feet in width and 1700 feet in length, which means an area of 1,360,000 feet. In the topography the southerly end faces on the great court directly opposite the Agricultural Hall, and the north end faces the Government Building. The western side is opposite the Building of Electricity, and the broad expanse of Lake Michigan forms its boundary on the east. The form of the structure is rectangular, with an exhibition hall extending about an interior court. This exhibition hall receives light from both sides and from the top. The sections are composed of a great central arch that is 100 feet wide, open to the roof, and eighty feet high, with galleries fifty feet wide on either side.

The original design provided for a lofty and wide dome to rise directly over the centre, and which was to have left beneath it a clear space of nearly 300 feet in diameter, with a surrounding gallery fifty feet wide in addition. The design conceived this dome as lifting itself to a height of 175 feet, and computed its weight as resting on arched trusses of iron. There were open courts on either side of the dome to serve for the purposes of annices, and which were to have covered spaces measuring 100,000 square feet or more. It was deemed advisable to alter the design in this particular, and the changes have been made. While not, perhaps, as glaringly apparent in the exterior aspect as might be imagined, the change will be much marked interiorly. For with the removal of the dome and the conversion of the courts into available space, just twelve acres of floor have been added to the capacity of the structure.

Instead of the originally designed dome and courts, the entire building in its interior is thrown into one long, high, wide hall, with a completely uninterrupted vista. The roof is now one immense arch resting on uprights, and constructed much on the same principle as are those remarkable railway-station arches abroad. Indeed, it is very similar (only surpassingly greater in size) to the new station at Jersey City recently completed by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

It is impossible for the human mind to grasp in one conception the cavity that is made and covered by this immense arch. Its dimensions, as expressed in figures, are 400 feet wide by 1400 feet long. These numbers represent certain extension or space, and have a mathematical meaning, but they serve no purpose other than one purely metaphysical. The idea of a room 400 feet wide and 1400 feet long, enclosed by walls and roof, and present to the mind at once, is unthinkable. At the risk of seeming to be paradoxical, it may be said that such an idea is inconceivable; and Mr. Post's mind was in process mathematical when he made the design. His entire conception was limited to the small and conceivable drawing his assistant ruled out on the oiled paper. The arched roof will be of glass, mounted in iron framing, and the impression it will convey to one under its expansive spread (unless that one be a clod) will be of ineffable sublimity. And be it said that the impression will be traced to no other cause than the purity and ultra simplicity of the design—an interminable lofty arch resting on interminable simple pillars.

Reverting to the detailed description of the structure: The galleries are approached on the main floor by thirty great staircases, the flights of which are twelve feet wide each. There are four leading entrances—one in the centre of each façade. These are designed in the manner of triumphal arches, the central archway of each being forty feet wide and thirty feet high. Surmounting these portals is the attic story, ornamented with immense sculptured eagles eighteen feet high. On each side of the arches are panels with inscriptions, and the spandrels are filled-in sculptured figures in bass-relief.

At each corner of the main building are pavilions forming great arched entrances, which are designed in harmony with the portals. The interiors of these pavilions are richly decorated with sculpture and mural paintings. On each side of the middle room already referred to will run open naves, or on all sides of it rather, and the spaces between the pillars leading into the room will admit of free passage and view. Then the great room itself will be bisected along its entire length by a footway, on either side of which will be the exhibits. The whole scene will be visible from the galleries, twenty feet above the floor.

The long façades of the hall surrounding the building are composed of a series of arches filled in with glass windows. The lower portion of these arches up to the level of the gallery floor and twenty-five feet in depth is open to the outside, thus forming a covered loggia, which provides an open promenade for the public, and which will be a most interesting feature, especially on the east side, where it faces the lake. It is the intention here to locate a number of cafés, where the crowds may loiter at their ease, and enjoy the sea-breezes and the cool shadows of the afternoon. The spandrels of the arches are decorated with large shields, on which may be the coats of arms of the States of the Union. In the department allotted to glasswork each manufacturer will have an opportunity to display his works in a separate window. All the sculpture work is being done by Bitter & Moretti, of New York, and the architectural modelling is the work of Ellin & Kitson.

No divisions with concern to the two departments that will occupy the building have yet been made. It may be pertinent, however, to note the various groups into which the general department Liberal Arts has been subdivided. The first group comprises physical development, training, condition, hygiene; the second group comprises banks, libraries, literature, journalism; the third group comprises instruments of precision, experiment, research, and photography. In another group are instruments and apparatuses of medicine, surgery, and prothesis; in another, primary, secondary, and superior education. Then follow the groups of civil engineering, as inclusive of public works and constructive architecture; government and law; commerce, trade, and banking; institutions and organizations for the increase and diffusion of knowledge; social, industrial, and co-operative associations; religious organizations and systems, inclusive of statistics and publications; music and musical instruments, and the theatre. Each of these various groups is elaborated into detail. Take, for instance, the group of civil engineering. Here will be shown in an intelligent way the methods of the surveying of land; the surveys and location of towns and cities, with their systems of water-supply and drainage; methods of surveying of coasts, rivers, and harbors; construction and maintenance of roads, bridge engineering, bridge designing, and the physics of bridge building in general, with its mathematics; subaqueous construction and irrigation, railway engineering, dynamic and industrial engineering, mining and military engineering, fortifications, roads, bridges, and pontoons; and, finally, constructive engineering.

In the department of the Manufactures the groups will be: chemical and pharmaceutical products and druggists' supplies; paints, colors, and varnishes; type-writers, paper, stationery, blank books; furniture and house decoration; ceramics; decorative designs and combinations in mosaics and tesseræ; art metalwork; glass and glass-ware; stained glass in decoration; carvings; gold and silver ware; jewelry and ornaments, horology, silks, textiles, fur, hairwork, travelling equipments, rubber, toys, leather, scales, materials of war, lighting, heating, refrigerators, wire, wrought iron, and safes.

It will be seen, therefore, that for an exposition of these two departments that will be representative of the world's progress during the past four hundred years the most extensive building that can be possibly erected will be none too large.

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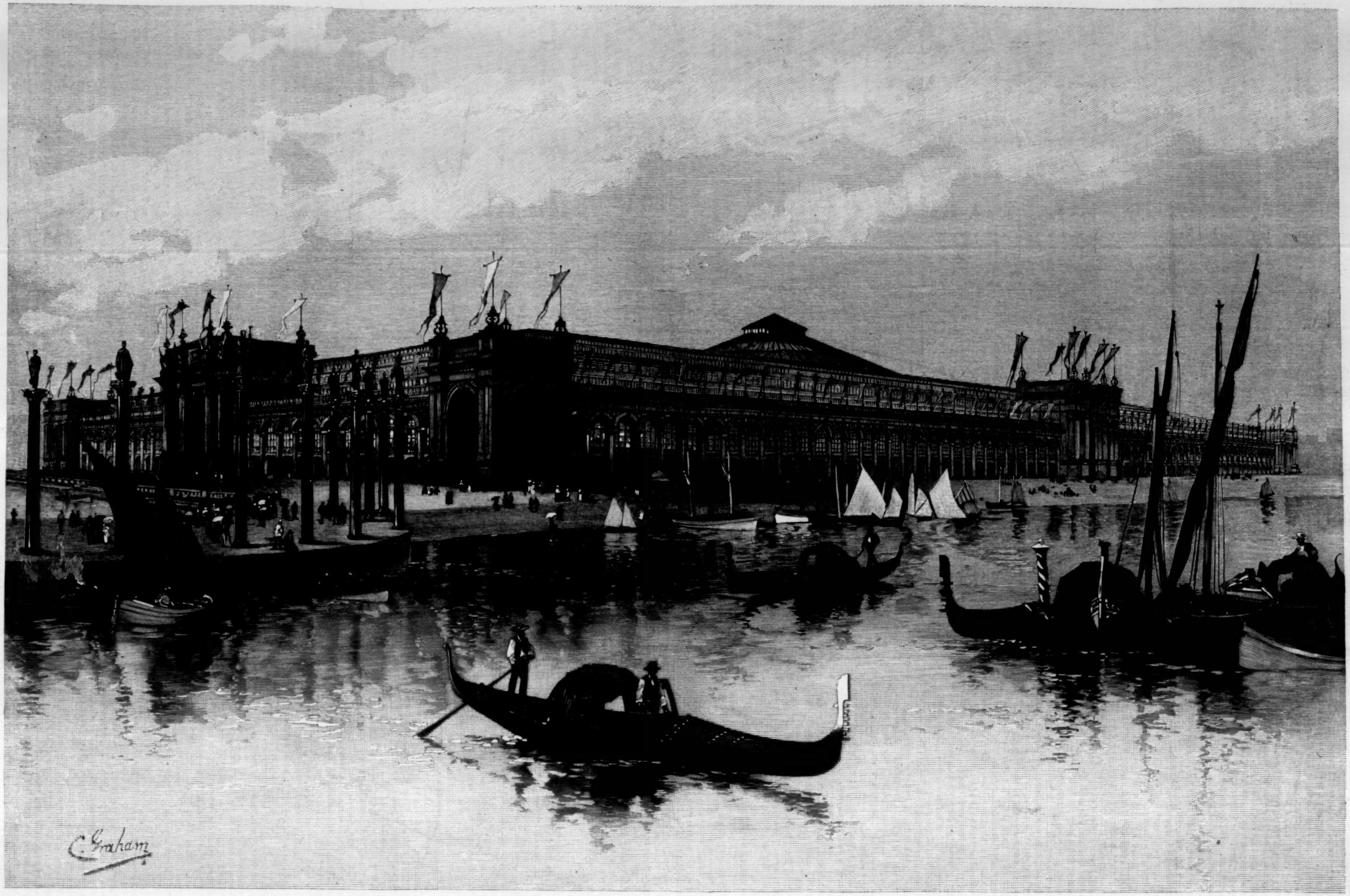
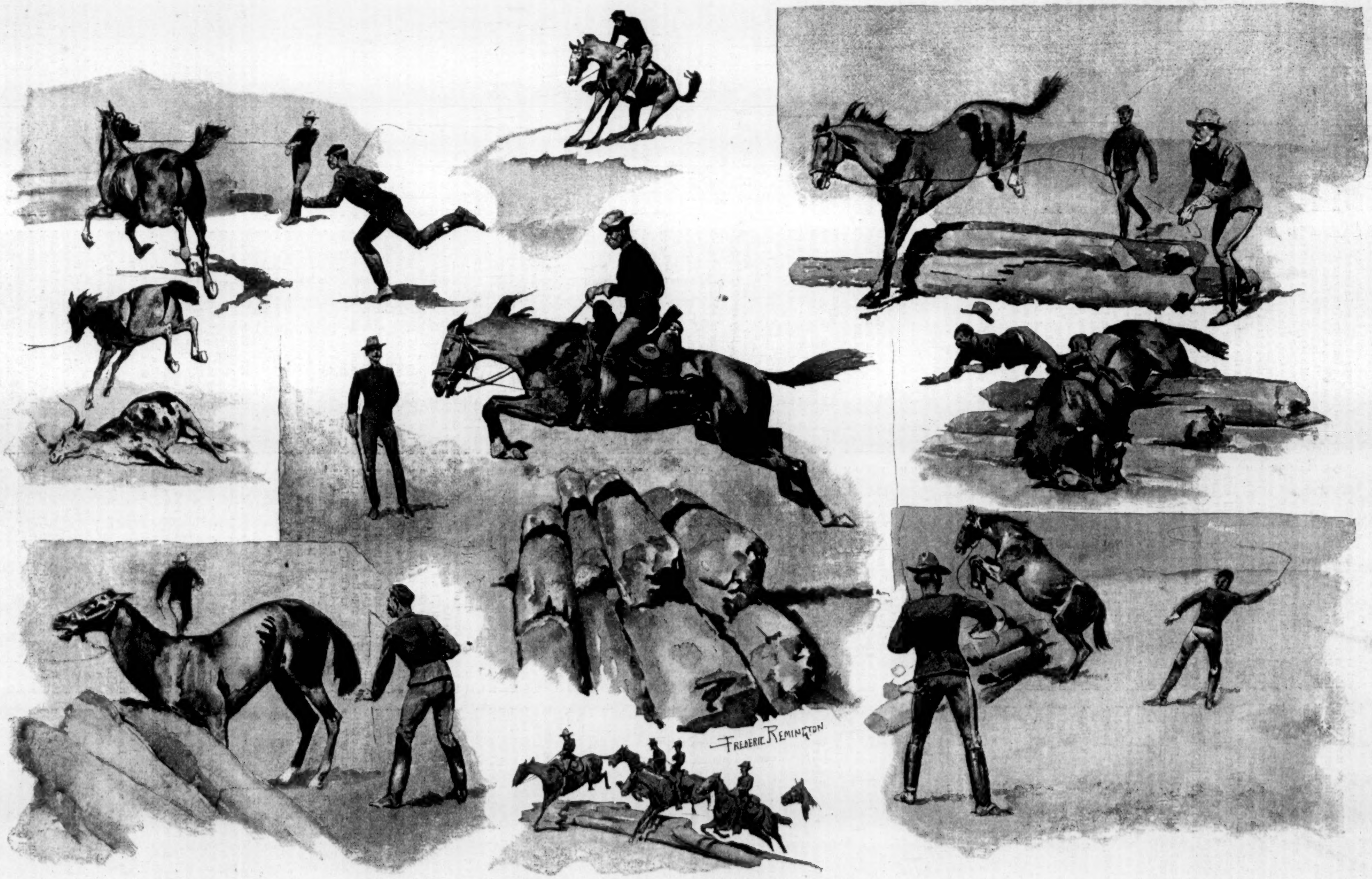


THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.—FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 707.]


FREDERIC REMINGTON

TRAINING HORSES TO LEAP OBSTACLES, TENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 710.]

THE BOWERY AT NIGHT.

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

When I was a school-boy in a Western town I had the habit—I and many of my schoolmates—of reading those romances of the adjective and the exclamation point behind a geography tilted high to conceal the novel from the teacher. As my favorite writers divided their attention pretty evenly between the far West and the New York Bowery, I got, or imagined that I got, a clear idea of life in both those places.

To me the Bowery was a wonderful place—fascinating, full of romance, yet terrible and most dangerous. It seemed to me that its streets were inhabited by beings of superior wit and intelligence, renowned detectives of many disguises, gentlemanly but desperately wicked criminals, honest keen young men who were always getting into difficulty, but always escaping in some creditable heroic way.

And I have found that this idea in a modified form prevails generally to a great extent, in the minds of New York people even. The Bowery is supposed to be the seat of certain high classes of criminals; of certain kinds of merchants shrewder than any other kind and less scrupulous; of a Bowery boy and a Bowery girl.

So wide-spread is this impression without New York that the Bowery is inspected daily in summer by crowds of tourists. Some of them walk its streets with eyes looking right and left for signs of danger, with coats tightly buttoned, and money hidden in deep-lying pockets. Others—and they, for the most part, have their families with them—observe it open-mouthed from the safety of a hired hack. By a queer twist in human nature few of these people are undeceived. Confident of finding their ideal realized, they are not disappointed, and returning home, tell of the wonders they have seen.

As a matter of fact, the Bowery is no such place as out-of-town New York thinks it to be. It is a remarkable place—interesting, fascinating almost, but neither superhuman nor dangerous. Time was when the latter could not be said; but the times have changed. Five Points has given way to Paradise Park; Armory Hall is torn down; old landmarks of crime and vice have vanished; and the Bowery boy and the Bowery girl are traditions. So the wicked romancer must put his stories in the past tense—his Bowery stories as his Indian and road-agent tales—Bowery Joe and Deadwood Dan.

I confess that my first sensation in examining the Bowery was strong disappointment; the same sense of having been deceived that accompanied the facts about Santa Claus, or, better still, the first acquaintance I had with a detective.

Yet at first view the Bowery impresses you as a place which ought to come up to the romance. As you come up Park Row, itself a curious place, you find yourself getting into a deep shadow, like the entrance to a cave. The air smells close and musty. The sunlight has taken the freshness with it. There are elevated tracks hanging low, and so closely covering the street that rain seldom falls upon it. This is Chatham Square, the entrance to the Bowery. Leaving the deep twilight of Division Street to the right, you go straight up into the broad yet dark highway of east-side life, crowded both in street and sidewalks, noisy with a multitude of sounds, some of which are to be heard nowhere else, shadowed by the tracks of the elevated, which hang low over the entire width of the street from Chatham Square to Grand, and in these ten or fifteen blocks is contained the true Bowery. Here are jumbled together a queer and varied lot of enterprises.

In and around Chatham Square the chief business is the lodging-house. On the outer walls are hung great signs, bearing pretentious names, The Windsor, The Grand Windsor, The Atlantic, The Pacific, The Grand. Some of these places, most of them in fact, have a front as inviting as the names; there is gaudy paint, shining brasswork, an air of cleanness, luxury even. This splendor is strangely out of keeping with the price-lists hung beneath the signs and over the sidewalks, generally on cloth, through which a light shines at night, that he who runs may read. The prices range from fifteen to fifty cents. Clean sheets are offered at some places as an especial inducement. All this appears from the street.

If you enter you will see how hollow is the outward show, how exorbitant the price for the accommodation offered. There is a general room where lodgers may sit in the daytime. Then there is a clerk's box, with a narrow way in front of its window, through which access is had to the sleeping-rooms—either a single room with rows of beds, or divided into little box-like places, the partitions not reaching to the ceiling. And what squalor, what odors, what bare and gaunt horror is here!

On these narrow dirty beds what misery finds oblivion or partial oblivion! For sleep here is sometimes heavy and sotted, deeply, wretchedly breathing; again, it is broken by curses and moans, by wild startings and clutchings. If you go in at night and the wide-shouldered watchman lifts his light that you may look along the rows of beds, you will see in the dim, hot, foul air faces and forms to remember and to dream about. Matted of hair and beard, the sorrows, the bitterness of life risen to the face, and glowering there without the sullen concealment of the waking expression. And by each bedside the rags and tatters in which life is lived.

Here are beggars and vagrants; broken-down criminals; lonely old men, deserted of friends and family; murderers—all that which has been utterly wrecked in the storm. And in the late afternoon these lodgers come out to stand or slouch up and down in the Bowery. They go to the hospital, to the police station, to the Potter's Field, rarely to happier days.

Here live the Bowery thieves—unwashed, badly clad, sullen of aspect, moving in gangs, with hands in the bursted-out pockets of the trousers. They have the courage of despair at times—in hard winters especially. They have also a timidity which makes them look guilty on the approach of a policeman.

After the lodging-houses you will notice the dime museums. And here again is that pretentious exterior—the gay paint, the big signs, all the promise of good things within. There are pictures of curiosities that would appeal to the most blasé museum-goer. Inside it is a sad swindle. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is an image of the horned lady now living in Asia. This is an image of the two-headed calf now exhibiting in England." It is all fraud, all fake; and though you may have gone in expecting a cheat, you will have so far surpassed your expectations that you will look sneakingly about as you come out. The shooting-galleries with the gaudy swinging targets—lions, tigers, elephants—are equally a delusion, and you will never get the quarters that reward hitting the bull's-eye five times. The photograph galleries, where tintypes are to be had at phenomenally small prices, will give you likenesses to make you wonder at your own possibilities of homeliness.

Then there are the shops. The Bowery is a great trading-place. The lower east side does most of its shopping there—buys its hats and shoes and shirts and gowns and furniture. There are queerer shops in other streets not far from the Bowery; but the Bowery is the headquarters for swindling in merchandise, as in amusement.

Bargain signs hang over every door. Every one has just assigned, has just burned out, is leaving business. Everything is going at a sacrifice. All things are at bargain price; yet nothing is a bargain. There is everywhere a dreary monotony of cheapness—the cheapness that shines in the windows and falls to pieces in the arms of the purchaser on his way home. A dollar will buy more here than anywhere else in the city—and also less.

Among these shops are the pawnbrokers—pretenders and swindlers, as the others. For they are not pawnbrokers, for all their three-ball signs and their conspicuous directions as to how to reach the private entrances. They, like the auction houses, sell bad jewelry, fire-gilt watches, nickel-plated chains, gold-washed rings. They pretend that these things are unredeemed pawns. In reality not a pawn is in all the display.

In fact, the whole Bowery, in all its amusements, in all its business enterprises, is based upon the grand primal principle of the philosophy of humbug—that you can get something for nothing. That is the wherefore of all this tawdriness, all this vain show, this paint and gilding and glitter. These fakirs cater to the belief of low intelligence in its own shrewdness and cunning.

A stranger to New York walked up one side of the Bowery and down the other. When he emerged from its gloom, he said, "I never before knew how ugly the human race is." The Bowery is ugly, and the men and women who move about in it share its homeliness. Faces lower as the air. Real laughter—vim of health and spirits—is as rare as bursts of sunshine. The people are clearly on the edge of life, fighting anxiously, harassedly, for a foothold, and seemingly never quite gaining it. Few frames are stalwart; few shoulders do not stoop. Now and then the face of a young girl passes before you. There may be prettiness in it, but it is the sickly beauty of a potted flower in a sixth-story tenement back window. And you see clearly that even the trace of fairness that comes with all youth in all places will fade, vanish utterly, in the stifling atmosphere of its environment. And for this one touch of freshness, how much that is jaded and hollow-chested and scrawny-necked you will see! Generations of toil—hard, grinding, desperate toil—have produced these faces, these forms. Here, too, are the shadows of ancestors' sins that live behind uninviting faces. There is also the track of fresh vice, of avarice, of drunkenness, of sleepless nights followed by days of labor.

You need not go home with these people to find out their wretchedness. They have brought away the damp and poisonous exhalations of narrow halls and dirty rooms in their clothing. They have brought away the miseries of poverty in their faces. So each nationality in its own way explains to you why it is here and how it is struggling since it arrived.

All this is quite plain, to be sure. All human faces are interesting. But among the richer people the emotions are hidden by long schooling or softened by the comfort of the routine of life. Among these people there is no training to keep the face smooth and calm. The edge of vice and poverty is not turned. Poor food, poor lodging, dissipation, cut and tear and scar. So the mind and heart are bare upon the face.

And then you begin to see that the Bowery is the true cosmopolitan thoroughfare of New York. There are few nations not represented, few languages that do not fall upon the ear in the course of an afternoon. It is as though the workmen had returned to Babel And there are glimpses of all costumes—a bit of gay color from South Italy here, the wooden shoes and yarn stockings of a German peasant girl there, a fez from Turkey or Arabia, a coat from China, a fur cap from Russia. No costume will be in its native completeness. The effect of each is spoiled by a touch or a good deal of the cheap ugliness so generously displayed in the shop windows.

Much that has been said of the Bowery by day applies to the night as well. But there are some differences. The electric lights, the gas jets, lift the shadow of the elevated tracks, and change the street to its betterment at first glance. Some of the ugly things are covered up. The places of amusement, now become the centre of interest, are brilliant. The crowd is looking for pleasure, for relief from squalor at home, from toil at shop and factory. The faces are lighted up somewhat, but there is still little genuine laughter, little sign of enjoyment that is not coarse and brutal and marked all over with the promise of swift and sure retribution. But there is a certain air of enjoyment, a glamour of pleasure. There is music in this garden; a woman is singing. There are lights in that second-story hall, and sounds of a waltz measure timed by shuffling feet. A drunken man—a score of drunken men in a block—reels along, muttering and chuckling. Girls—such girls as Kittie Lynch has made famous at Harrigan's—are abroad, exchanging jests not without wit with young men who swagger.

Sometimes you will find things that are amusing. But before you are done laughing you will see something that will make the laugh die—something to disgust or to excite pity or indignation. There is a comedy element in this life. But the comedy is for the actors, not for spectators. The tragedy is too near the surface, peering from rents in garments or blanching under the paint of the cheeks. In this pleasure, or semblance of pleasure, you can have no part, any more than you could live in the smells and sounds and sights of a rickety towering tenement.

In this gathering of the nations in the Bowery lies the reason for the change that has come over it. The native element has been driven out. The little part of it which remains seems almost submerged by the grand in-rush. And these people, driven from many lands and from the islands of the sea by the press of hunger or by misfortune alone, separate each to a distant quarter. Seeking business or pleasure, they meet and mingle in the Bowery.

And of necessity they touch and are touched by the American element—a low American element, yet American. They get our customs, our manners, our methods, in a certain depraved form. Thus they reach the first step in their fight upward.

The Bowery is no longer a distinct quarter, inhabited by a distinct type of American life. It has become a social clearing-house.

THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE OHIO.

According to geography the sister States of Ohio and Kentucky are separated by the river which bears the name of the former. For the purposes of trade and general communication the two States have been joined by bridges of various kinds; but the growing necessities of the people demanded more adequate means of correspondence, and the demand has been met by the opening of the new cantilever bridge on August 29th. This new roadway runs from Broadway and Second street, Cincinnati, to York and Third streets, Newport. It is built after the design of the King Iron and Bridge Company of Cleveland, and constructed by that company at a cost of $1,300,000. The approach is paved with granite blocks for 282 feet, and is curved. Then follow alternating steel viaducts and trusses of various lengths for 501 feet, when the first pier on the front of the river is reached. The cantilever, which begins at this point, consists of two spans of 254 feet, after which follows the central span above the channel of the river, extending 520 feet. Then come various trusses and girders for 555 feet, and a granite roadway completes the distance. For vehicles there are two roads of 24 feet width, flanked on either side by passengerways 7 feet wide. Under the roadway are laid two street-car tracks. The central span of the bridge is supported by a steel tower at either end, each tower rising 85 feet above the masonry, attaining in all a height of 190 feet above the foundations. Nine piers uphold the bridge, which will carry 85 pounds to the square foot.

Newport made a holiday at the opening, and celebrated the event in a becoming manner. The cities of Dayton and Bellevue had a separate jubilee, and altogether music, speeches, decorations, and processions filled the day. The night was given over to fireworks and banquets, with all the incidentals and accessories. The Governors of the two States were expected to meet in the centre of the bridge and shake hands, but for some reason no detailed account of the meeting is given, and it is evident that the Governors had something else to do. Enthusiasm ran high, and, according to a local paper, "Mayor Mosby had a Derby hat when he came on the stage, but after his brief speech took somebody's straw in the excitement of the moment." Captain John A. Williamson is credited with the building of the bridge, and he was honored by the following caption under his portrait: "The only Captain in Kentucky. The Bridge's papa." The campaign, which is now in full blast in Ohio, kept away many of the invited guests, but, nevertheless, a goodly portion of notables was present at the festivities. Altogether it was a great event, befitting the completion of a great work, and everybody interested had a right to be proud of the achievement.

TRAINING CAVALRY HORSES TO JUMP OBSTACLES.

BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

One would suppose that a small army like our own would be perfection, but since that means a great deal, it is not at all surprising that it fails to realize it. Its sins are all of omission, and its training of cavalry horses is its great crime. The riding of United States cavalrymen has always gladdened the heart of witnesses. They began in a great and desperate war, and since those days they have been environed by the best native riders on earth, namely, Indians and cowboys, so it is not surprising that they sit horses well under any circumstances; but having been doing active fieldwork in a pioneer sort of a way for a generation, they have had no riding halls, and very little incentive to do the *haute école*. This condition is changing from year to year, and since Uncle Sam is no longer building army posts, the cavalryman can devote himself more to the niceties of his profession than he has in the past. The "chopping and digging" stage has gone, and the horses furnished the army are better than of old, thanks to the efforts of certain cavalry officers and to a slight increase in civil official morality, although horses bought under the contract system will always be obtained by regarding their price instead of their quality.

Another reason why this thing is not of more importance in our cavalry is that they have campaigned on the vast stretches of the great plains and in the mountains, and have had to do with long hard marches rather than short sharp work in a fenced and ditched country. It is true that I have seen a whole column of United States cavalry go up and down bad mountain country in places so perilous that a horse not accustomed to it would fairly faint with fright, but all that was born of the necessity, the lack of which is felt when we speak of training cavalry horses after the methods of the European cavalryman.

That this necessity now exists I do not mean, only now that officers have more time at their disposal they can continue to cultivate that part of their profession, which is no small part. I know a great many instances personally where cavalry officers have applied themselves in this way, and have done creditable work. Lieutenant S. C. Robertson, of the First Plungers, has been through the mill of the foreign horse schools, and his knowledge does not come amiss.

Lieutenants Clark and Smith, of the Tenth Cavalry, have conducted a series of experiments, the subject of which forms my page of sketches. The use of natural obstacles, which can readily be found in any country, was the idea, and thus the dry work of mere hurdles avoided, although, of course, a little hurdle to begin with. They use a dead steer when one can be found, which is a not unusual thing on the "cow range." I saw a troop of cavalry fairly disorganized by a dead beef on the San Carlos post-road, and the school of cavalry practice which was immediately instituted right there was one of the gayest scenes I have ever had the fortune to witness. If a man had come suddenly upon the bluffs of the Gila, he would have said, "There is a desperate cavalry battle going on down in the bottom." But it was only the troopers trying to get their horses over a steer, which, in the words of the wild cowboy, was "too dead to skin." The result was finally accomplished, and now that detachment might be relied on to at least charge a dead body, which, by-the-way, is not so simple a thing for a horse as one might think. I knew very intimately a man who was peacefully riding along the highway in Westchester County, when he suddenly espied a dead horse at the road-side. Presently his horse also perceived, and the scenes that ensued were highly gratifying to the small boys who gathered about. He first went bodily over a steep drop from the road into a pile of rocks, after that he climbed up a high terrace owned by a gentleman, and after a long time the live horse had his front feet on the body of the dead horse, and peace reigned.

There are three things that a good cavalry officer must know. He must ride well himself, which is the least of all these things, and he almost universally does. He should be able to train any horse to the full extent of the horse's ability, either in the high school or the jumping, and that is not a very difficult thing for an active, patient, and intelligent man to do. Lastly, he should know what comparatively few of them do, and that is, all about a horse; in short, that knowledge one finds in the racing stable—horsy knowledge—about the physical construction, the temperament, the intelligence, of the brutes, and how this one should be bitted, and this one be worked a great deal in one way, while another horse is schooled in another. One horse may need a vast amount of exercise, while another may get along with very little; one horse may be ridden by a recruit at the risk of spoiling his gaits, while some other horse may have so good a gait that the recruit cannot spoil it. These cases are only a few out of the three or four million which are a part of the make-up of horse knowledge. Some cavalry officers do not care about all these things, but they are simply a disgrace to their profession, and so not to be considered except with scorn. The most remarkable case of this knowledge and judgment regarding horses in a cavalryman was that of Captain Montgomery, of the Fifth Cavalry, as told by Captain Charles King, in his *Campaigning with Crook*, which I quote: "In horseflesh and equipments the gaps were appalling. Some companies of the Fifth were very much reduced, and, of course, when the horse dropped exhausted on the trail there was no transportation for the 'kit.' It often happened that for days the soldier led his horse along the flanks of the column or in the rear of the regiment, striving hard to nurse his failing strength, hunting eagerly for every little bunch of grass that might eke out his meagre subsistence. In all the array of company losses there was one, and only one, shining contrast—Montgomery, of Company B—the Greys cavalry submitted a clear 'bill of health'; he had not lost a single horse. The fact that Captain Montgomery paraded every horse with which he started is due to the unerring judgment and ceaseless vigilance with which he noted every symptom of weakness in any and every animal in his troop, and cared for it accordingly."

From a purely professional standpoint I think this feat was probably as noted an achievement as any cavalryman could well ask for. It towers over the man who can pick a cracker off the ground at a gallop off a sixteen-hand horse, and the *passage* and *pirouette* are as nothing compared; but if Captain Montgomery can pick up the cracker, and do the *passage*, he should have a marble monument at West Point, and every cadet should be made to go out twice a day and sing a pæan before it.

The United States trooper knows enough by the time he has served one enlistment, but his horse, which has as great a capacity for war as the recruit, comes out with little to his credit. Why should he not be educated? Well, let us hope he may be.

THE TRUE.

THUS spake the god· "Take thou this lute of love.
So sweetly tuned is it that when thy true ideal
Thou meetest—and she speaks—the strings will move
In sympathy. The lute her presence will reveal,
And to no other soul, however fond,
Will these sweet tuneful notes of love respond."

I took the lute, and went forth on my quest.
Through all the long and weary day the notes beguiled
The journey. When the sun sank to the west
The strains were gentle as the singing of a child;
And through the night, while burned the heavenly fires,
Thought rose above the sordid earth's desires.

But now the precious lute neglected lies
Outside the palace gate. Oft-times the wind blows free
And stirs the tuneful strings to plaintive sighs
And yet I heed it not—the notes are harsh to me.
The True is won! So sweet her voice is wrought
That all else seems discordant to my thought.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

A CONSUMING FIRE.

BY C. A. P. AND E. W. F.

HE is a man who has failed in this life, and says he has no chance of success in another; but out of the fragments of his failures he has pieced together for himself a fabric of existence more satisfying than most of us make of our successes. It is a kind of triumph to look as he does, to have his manner, and to preserve his attitude toward advancing years—those dreaded years which he faces with pale but smiling lips.

If you would see my friend Hayden, commonly called by his friends the connoisseur, figure to yourself a tall gentleman of sixty-five, very erect still and graceful, gray-headed and gray-bearded, with fine gray eyes that have the storm-tossed look of clouds on a windy March day, and a bearing that somehow impresses you with an idea of the gracious and pathetic dignity of his lonely age.

I myself am a quiet young man, with but one gift—I am a finished and artistic listener. It is this talent of mine which wins for me a degree of Hayden's esteem and a place at his table when he has a new story to tell. His connoisseurship extends to everything of human interest, and his stories are often of the best.

The last time that I had the honor of dining with him, there was present, besides the host and myself, only his close friend, that vigorous and successful man, Dr. Richard Langworthy, the eminent alienist and specialist in nervous diseases. The connoisseur evidently had something to relate, but he refused to give it to us until the pretty dinner was over. Hayden's dinners are always pretty, and he has ideals in the matter of china, glass, and napery which it would require a woman to appreciate. It is one of his accomplishments that he manages to live like a gentleman and entertain his friends on an income which most people find quite inadequate for the purpose.

After dinner we took coffee and refused cigars in the library.

On the table, full in the mellow light of the great lamp (Hayden has a distaste for gas), was a bit of white plush on which two large opals were lying. One was an intensely brilliant globe of broken gleaming lights, in which the red flame burned strongest and most steadily; the other was as large, but paler. You would have said that the prisoned heart of fire within it had ceased to throb against the outer rim of ice. Langworthy, who is wise in gems, bent over them with an exclamation of delight.

"Fine stones," he said; "where did you pick them up, Hayden?"

Hayden, standing with one hand on Langworthy's shoulder, smiled down on the opals with a singular expression. It was as if he looked into beloved eyes for an answering smile.

"They came into my possession in a singular way, very singular. It interested me immensely, and I want to tell you about it, and ask your advice on something connected with it. I am afraid you people will hardly care for the story as much as I do. It's—it's a little too rococo and sublimated to please you, Langworthy. But here it is:

"When I was in the West last summer, I spent some time in a city on the Pacific slope which has more pawnbrokers' shops and that sort of thing in full sight on the prominent streets than any other town of the same size and respectability that I have ever seen. One day, when I had been looking in the bazars for something a little out of the regular line in Chinese curios and didn't find it, it occurred to me that in such a cosmopolitan town there might possibly be some interesting things in the pawn shops, so I went into one to look. It was a common dingy place, kept by a common dingy man with shrewd eyes and a coarse mouth. Talking to him across the counter was a man of another type. Distinction in good clothes, you know, one is never sure of. It may be only that a man's tailor is distinguished. But distinction in indifferent garments, that is distinction indeed, and there before me I saw it. A young, slight, carelessly dressed man, his bearing was attractive and noteworthy beyond anything I can express. His appearance was perhaps a little too unusual, for the contrast between his soft straw-colored hair and wine-brown eyes was such a striking one that it attracted attention from the real beauty of his face. The delicacy of a cameo is rough," added the connoisseur, parenthetically, "compared to the delicacy of outline and feature in a face that thought, and perhaps suffering, have worn away, but this is one of the distinctive attractions of the old. You do not look for it in young faces such as this.

"On the desk between the two men lay a fine opal—this one," said Hayden, touching the more brilliant of the two stones. "The younger man was talking eagerly, fingering the gem lightly as he spoke. I inferred that he was offering to sell or pawn it.

"The proprietor, seeing that I waited, apparently cut the young man short. He started, and caught up the stone. 'I'll give you—' I heard the other say, but the young man shook his head, and departed abruptly. I found nothing that I wanted in the place, and soon passed out.

"In front of a shop window a little further down the street stood the other man, looking listlessly in with eyes that evidently saw nothing. As I came by he turned and looked into my face. His eyes fixed me as the Ancient Mariner's did the Wedding Guest. It was an appealing yet commanding look, and I—I felt constrained to stop. I couldn't help it, you know. Even at my age one is not beyond feeling the force of an imperious attraction, and when you are past sixty you ought to be thankful on your knees for any emotion that is imperative in its nature. So I stopped beside him. I said: 'It was a fine stone you were showing that man. I have a great fondness for opals. May I ask if you were offering it for sale?'

"He continued to look at me, inspecting me calmly, with a fastidious expression. Upon my word, I felt singularly honored when, at the end of a minute or two, he said: 'I should like to show it to you. If you will come to my room with me, you may see that, and another;' and he turned and led the way, I following quite humbly and gladly, though rather surprised at myself.

"The room, somewhat to my astonishment, proved to be a large apartment, a front room high up in one of the best hotels. There were a good many things lying about that obviously were not hotel furnishings, and the walls, the bed, and even the floor were covered with a litter of water-color sketches. Those that I could see were admirable, being chiefly impressions of delicate and fleeting atmospheric effects.

"I took the chair he offered. He stood, still looking at me, apparently not in haste to show me the opals. I looked around the room.

"'You are an artist?' I said.

"'Oh, I used to be, when I was alive,' he answered, drearily. 'I am nothing now.' And then turning away he fetched a little leather case, and placed the two opals on the table before me.

"'This is the one I have always worn,' he said, indicating the more brilliant. 'That chillier one I gave once to the woman whom I loved. It was more vivid then. They are strange stones—strange stones.'

"He said nothing more, and I sat in perfect silence, only dreading that he should not speak again. I am not making you understand how he impressed me. In the delicate, hopeless patience of his face, in the refined, uninsistent accents of his voice, there was somehow struck a note of self-abnegation, of aloofness from the world, pathetic in any one so young.

"I am old. There is little in life that I care for. My interests are largely affected. Wine does not warm me now, and beauty seems no longer beautiful; but I thank Heaven I am not beyond the reach of a penetrating human personality. I have at least the ordinary instincts for convention in social matters, but I assure you it seemed not in the least strange to me that I should be sitting in the private apartment of a man whom I had met only half an hour before, and then in a pawnbroker's shop, listening eagerly for his account of matters wholly personal to himself. It struck me as the most natural and charming thing in the world. It was just such chance passing intercourse as I expect to hold with wandering spirits on the green hills of paradise.

"It was some time before he spoke again.

"'I saw her first,' he said, looking at the paler opal, as if it was of that he spoke, 'on the street in Florence. It was a day in April, and the air was liquid gold. She was looking at the Campanile, as if she were akin to it. It was the friendly grace of one lily looking at another. Later, I met her as one meets other people, and was presented to her. And after that the days went fast. I think she was the sweetest woman God ever made. I sometimes wonder how He came to think of her. Whatever you may have missed in life,' he said, lifting calm eyes to mine, and smiling a little, 'you whose aspect is so sweet, decorous, and depressing, whose griefs, if you have griefs, are the subtle sorrows of the old and unimpassioned'—I remember his phrases literally. I thought them striking and descriptive," confessed Hayden—"'I hope you have not missed that last touch of exaltation which I knew then. It is the most exquisite thing in life. The Fates must hate those from whose lips they keep that cup.' He mused awhile, and added, 'There is only one real want in life, and that is comradeship—comradeship with the divine, and that we call religion; with the human, and that we call love.'

"'Your definitions are literature,' I ventured to suggest, 'but they are not fact. Believe me, neither love nor religion is exactly what you call it. And there are other things almost as good in life, as surely you must know. There is art, and there is work which is work only, and yet is good.'

"'You speak from your own experience?' he said, simply.

"It was a home thrust. I did not, and I knew I did not. I am sixty-five years old, and I have never known just that complete satisfaction which I believe arises from the perfect performance of distasteful work. I said so. He smiled.

"'I knew it when I set my eyes upon you, and I knew you would listen to me and my vaporing. Your sympathy with me is what you feel toward all forms of weakness, and in the last analysis it is self-sympathy. You are beautiful, not strong,' he added, with an air of finality, 'and I—I am like you. If I had been a strong man .... Christ!'

"I enjoyed this singular analysis of myself, but I wanted something else.

"'You were telling me of the opals,' I suggested.

"'The opals, yes. Opals always made me happy, you know. While I wore one, I felt that a friend was near. My father found these in Hungary, and sent them to me—two perfect jewels. He said they were the twin halves of a single stone. I believe it to be true. Their mutual relation is an odd one. One has paled as the other brightened. You see them now. When they were both mine, they were of almost equal brilliancy. This,' touching the paler, 'is the one I gave to her. You see the difference in them now. Hers began to pale before she had worn it a month. I do not try to explain it, not even on the ground of the old superstition. It was not her fault that they made her send it back to me. But the fact remains; her opal is fading slowly; mine is burning to a deeper red. Some day hers will be frozen quite, while mine—mine—' his voice wavered and fell on silence, as the flame of a candle fighting against the wind flickers and goes out.

"I waited many minutes for him to speak again, but the silence was unbroken. At last I rose. 'Surely you did not mean to part with either stone,' I said.

"He looked up as if from a dream. 'Part with them? Why should I sell my soul? I would not part with them if I were starving. I had a minute's temptation, but that is past now.' Then, with a change of manner, 'You are going?' He rose with a gesture that I felt then and still feel as a benediction. 'Good-by. I wish for your own sake that you had not been so like my poor self that I knew you for a friend.'

"We had exchanged cards, but I did not see or hear of him again. Last week these stones came to me, sent by some one here in New York of his own name—his executor. He is dead, and left me these.

"It is here that I want your counsel. These stones do not belong to me, you know. It is true that we are like, as like as blue and violet. But there is that woman somewhere. I don't know where, and I know no more of their story than he told me. I have not cared to be curious regarding it or him. But they loved once, and these belong to her. Do you suppose they would be a comfort or a curse to her? If—if—" the connoisseur evidently found difficulty in stating his position. "Of course I do not mean to say that I believe one of the stones waned while the other grew more brilliant. I simply say nothing of it; but I know that he believed it, and I, even I, feel a superstition about it. I do not want the light in that stone to go out, or if it should, or could, I do not want to see it. And, besides, if I were a woman, and that man had loved me so, I should wish those opals." Here Hayden looked up and caught Langworthy's amused tolerant smile. He stopped, and there was almost a flush upon his cheek.

"You think I am maudlin—doting, I see," he said. "Langworthy, I do hope the Lord will kindly let you die in the harness. You haven't any taste for these innocent green pastures where we old fellows must disport ourselves, if we disport at all. Now, I want to know if it would be—er—indelicate to attempt to find out who she is, and to restore the stones to her?"

Langworthy, who had preserved throughout his usual air of strict scientific attention, jumped up and began to pace the room.

"His name?" he said.

Hayden gave it.

"I know the man," said Langworthy, almost reluctantly. "Did any one who ever saw him forget him? He was on the verge of melancholia, but what a mind he had!"

"How did you know him, Langworthy?" asked Hayden, with pathetic eagerness.

"As a patient. It's a sad story. You won't like it. You had better keep your fancies without the addition of any of the facts."

"Go on," said Hayden, briefly.

"They live here, you know. He was the only son. He unconsciously acquired the morphine habit from taking quantities of the stuff for neuralgic symptoms during a severe protracted illness. After he got better, and found what had happened to him, he came to me. I had to tell him he would die if he didn't break it off, and would probably die if he did. 'Oh, no matter,' he said. 'What disgusts me is the idea that it has taken such hold of me.' He did break it off, directly and absolutely. I never knew but one other man who did that thing. But between the pain and the shock from the sudden cessation of the drug, his mind was unbalanced for a while. Of course the girl's parents broke off the engagement. I knew they were travelling with him last summer. It was a trying case, and the way he accepted his own weakness touched me. At his own request he carried no money with him. It was a temptation when he wanted the drug, you see. It must have been at some such moment, when he contemplated giving up the struggle, that you met him in the pawn shop."

"I am glad I knew enough to respect him even there," murmured Hayden, in his beard.

"Oh, you may respect him, and love him if you like. He died a moral hero, if a mental and physical wreck. That is as good a way as any, or ought to be, to enter another life—if there is another life."

"And the woman?" asked the connoisseur.

"Keep the opals, Hayden; they and he are more to you than to her. She—in fact it is very soon— I believe that she is to marry another man."

"Who is—"

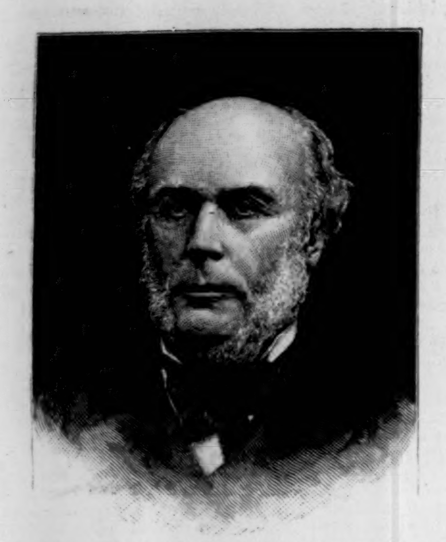
"A gilded cad. That's all."

Langworthy took out his watch and looked at it. I turned to the table. What had happened to the dreaming stones? Did a light flash across from one to the other, or did my eyes deceive me? I looked down, not trusting what I saw. One opal lay as pale, as pure, as lifeless, as a moon-stone is. The other glowed with a yet fierier spark; instead of coming from within, the color seemed to play over its surface in unrestricted flame.

"See here!" I said.

Langworthy looked, then turned his head away sharply. The distaste of the scientific man for the inexplicable and irrational was very strong within him.

But the old man bent forward, the lamplight shining on his white hair, and with a womanish gesture caught the gleaming opal to his lips. "A human soul!" he said. "A human soul!"



THE LATE JULES GRÉVY, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

MAJOR BUNDY.

THE death of Major Jonas M. Bundy removed from the ranks of New York journalism one of its best-known and best-beloved members. For twenty-five years he has been engaged in newspaper work in this city, first as dramatic and musical critic on the *Evening Post*, and then as editor-in-chief of the *Evening Mail* and *The Mail and Express*.

The Major's boyhood and early youth were spent in Beloit, Wisconsin, his parents having removed thither, when he was very young, from his birthplace in northern New Hampshire. He was graduated at Beloit College in 1853, and took a course of study at the Harvard Law School. His first newspaper work was done in Milwaukee before the war. At the outbreak of the rebellion he entered the army and served throughout the four years, mostly as a member of the staff of General John Pope.

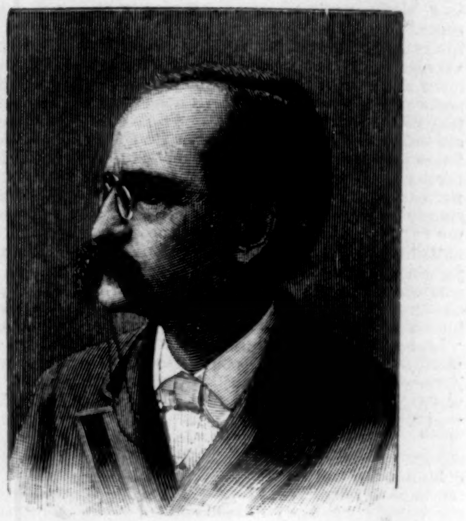
After the war he came to this city, and has made his home here ever since. He never married, but his affection for his mother and sisters was one of the strongest traits of his character. He had, indeed, a strongly affectionate nature, and attached to himself many men in unusual friendship. Senator Matt H. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, was one of his boyhood's comrades, and they remained close friends until Carpenter's death. Of late years his nearest friend was Chauncey M. Depew, whom he visited very often at his home, and with whom he has been enjoying a part of his recent vacation in England.

Major Bundy was devoted to his profession, and thoroughly enjoyed editorial work. He was especially glad to be able to help young men beginning newspaper work, and has aided many who are now prominent in their profession. He was a strong leader-writer, an uncompromising partisan Republican, and never discouraged by defeat.

In 1871 Major Bundy was a member of the famous Committee of Seventy, and in 1880 he was selected by General Garfield to write his campaign biography.

Although a hard worker, and a politician in the good sense of that word, the Major was fond of nature, of poetry, and of music. His recreation for years was an afternoon walk in Central Park, every nook and corner of which he knew thoroughly. His religious convictions were strong, and were often apparent in his writing on the current topics of the day.

It was on July 22d that Major Bundy sailed for Europe for a three months' vacation. He was overtaken at Paris by a stroke of apoplexy, and died September 8th. His body will be brought to this country for interment.



THE LATE MAJOR JONAS M. BUNDY.

EX-PRESIDENT GRÉVY.

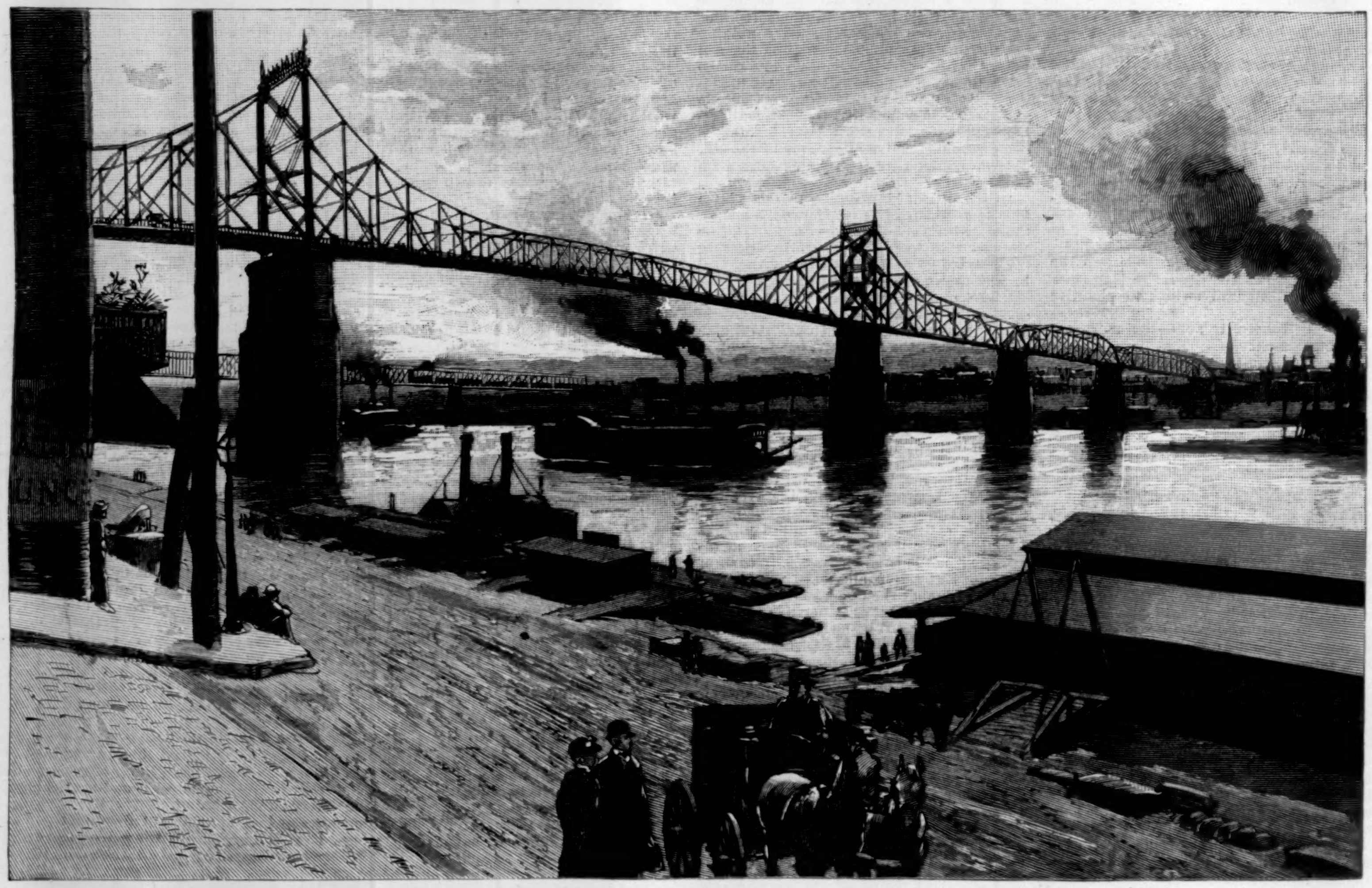
M. JULES GRÉVY, who was for nearly nine years President of the French Republic, died the other day at Mont-sous-Vaudrey in the Jural Mountains, near where he was born seventy-eight years ago. The closing years of his life were most pitiful. After living more or less in the public view for half a century, and enjoying during all that time the affection and confidence of the great mass of the French people, and while occupying the highest position of state in his country, he was covered with shame by the dishonest acts of his daughter's husband, and obliged to resign his Presidency. And all this misfortune came to him at almost the end of what had been considered a blameless and patriotic life. He belonged to the bourgeois class, and never, in whatever position he was placed, forsook the simple manners of life which had come to him as an inheritance. It appears to have been natural for him to be a democrat. When he was seventeen, and while a student at the Paris law schools, he took part in the insurrection against Charles X., and was a leader among those who fought behind the barricades, and was among the first of the insurrectionists to force his way into the barracks of the Rue de Babylon.

He began his career as a lawyer during the reign of Louis Philippe, and among his first cases he was the defender of those who had been arrested by the King on account of holding dangerously liberal opinions. His appearance in these cases attracted the attention of the republicans of France, and he stood high in their regard for fifty years, and until, a shamed old man, he left the Palace of the Élysée to retire to his native mountains. In 1848 he was sent as a Commissioner to the Department of the Jura to reconcile the mountaineers of that district to the new order which was brought about by the fall of the monarchy and the establishment of a republic under the Presidency of Louis Napoleon. He showed much diplomatic skill in this mission, and at its close was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly by the voters of his native department. He at once became a leader in this body, and of the integrity of his republicanism there has never been any doubt. He foresaw the scheme of Louis Napoleon which culminated in the *coup d'état* of 1851, and attempted to forestall it by a proposition that the Chief Executive should be styled "President of the Council of Ministers," be elected for no definite period, and be removable at the will of the people. This proposition, which was opposed by Lamartine, was defeated, though many able writers have maintained that had it become a law Louis Napoleon could not have overthrown the republic and re-established the empire. His action, at any rate, was not pleasing to Napoleon III., for one of his first acts after making himself Emperor was to arrest Grévy, and throw him into prison. He staid in prison several months, and came out with the ardor of his republicanism not a whit reduced. For nearly twenty years Jules Grévy now devoted himself to the practice of his profession. Public life was impossible for him, for until 1868 he refused to take an oath of allegiance to the empire, and then he waived his personal scruples in the matter only because he was assured that his example prevented many other republicans from participating in the affairs of the government. No sooner had he become eligible than the Department of Jura elected him a member of the Corps Législatif, and he was re-elected in 1869.

On the downfall of the empire, during the Franco-Prussian war, M. Grévy refused to associate himself with the self-appointed government, and stoutly maintained that the only legal way to establish a new government was for the Chambers to declare the downfall of the empire. When M. Thiers proposed that Grévy should join him in the irregular diplomatic campaign which he entered upon, Grévy also objected to this as illegal, and said that his part in the emergency would be to carry a musket. He thereupon entered the National Guard, and served as long as the war lasted.

He was, at the end of the war, again sent to the National Assembly by the Department of Jura, and at the first sitting in Bordeaux he was chosen to be President of the body by an almost unanimous vote. In the first meeting he proposed that M. Thiers be elected Chief Executive, and exercise his powers under the control of the Assembly. This proposition was almost identical with the one of nearly a quarter of a century before which he attempted to carry at the beginning of Louis Napoleon's Presidency. For over two years he retained the presidency of the Assembly, being re-elected seven times.

During the Presidency of Marshal MacMahon, Grévy was his firm opponent, and when MacMahon saw the hopelessness of any effort to establish a military despotism in France and resigned, Grévy was almost unanimously chosen as President for a seven years' term. At this time Gambetta was at the height of his power, and it was his great ambition to succeed MacMahon, but in his aggressive career he had made too many enemies to have any chance of success. The administration of Grévy during his first term was quiet and dignified, and the French people prospered amazingly in their affairs. Soon after he was re-elected for a second term of seven years that strange and incomprehensible movement known as Boulangerism had its birth, and the government was vexed not a little by apprehensions of something dreadful which might happen at any moment. But this had



THE NEW CANTILEVER BRIDGE OVER THE OHIO AT CINCINNATI.—DRAWN BY H. F. FARNY.—[SEE PAGE 710.]

small effect upon the personal fortunes of M. Grévy. His daughter, whom he adored, had married a certain M. Wilson, an adventurer of the worst type. Parisians marvelled at the knowledge which Wilson used in his speculations on the Bourse, and long before there was any public complaint close observers of the market in Paris were convinced that Wilson had state secrets to aid him in his ventures. This way of making money was not sufficient for Wilson, so he embarked in the business of selling crosses of the Legion of Honor. In this he was detected, and only escaped conviction by a technicality.

The cross of the Legion of Honor is most highly prized by Frenchmen, and those who held them and those who wanted them were equally filled with shame and rage that there should have been a disgraceful traffic in the decorations. There was nothing else for the old President to do but to resign. He made way for M. Carnot, who now occupies the Palace of the Élysées, and went to his country home a broken man. It is pleasant to state that the French people long ago absolved M. Grévy of any participation in the corrupt practices of his son-in-law, or of having even any suspicion of them. All agree that he should not have been elected for the second term. In that case he would have retired with his fame unsoiled by any scandal whatever.

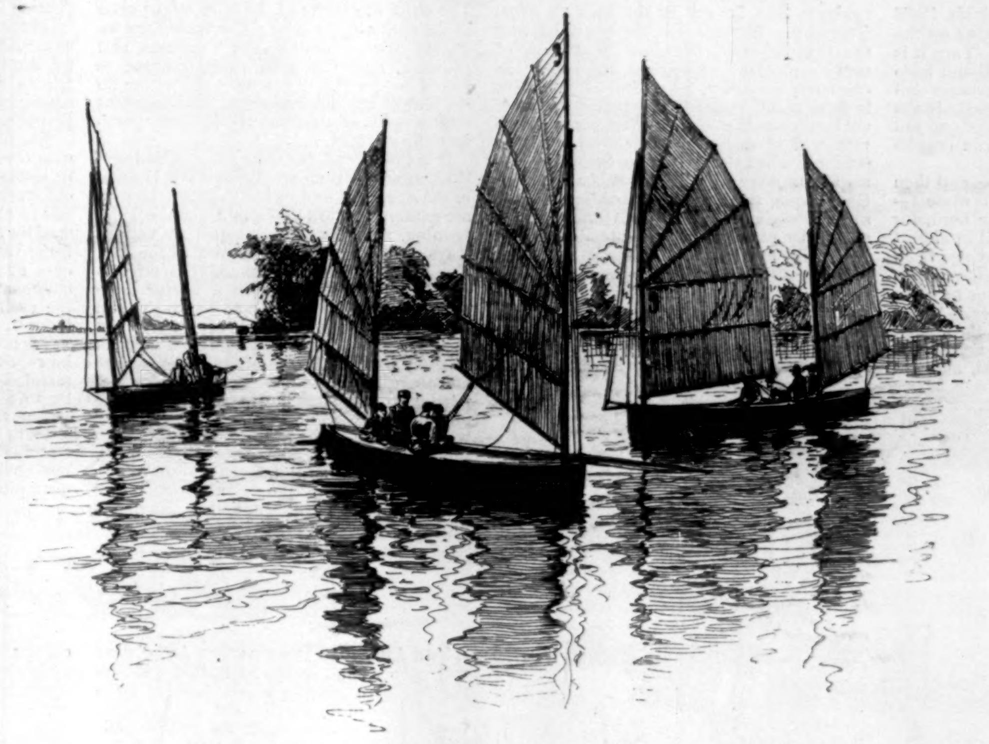
Personally M. Grévy was the simplest of men, and in his habits he was always of the bourgeois class. His second wife had been his housekeeper during his widowhood. She was a peasant, and they had been privately married many years when he was chosen President. Then the French people learned for the first time that their new Chief Executive had a wife. The manners of the peasant woman at the head of the domestic side of the President's household at first occasioned some comment and derision from those accustomed to the manners of the European courts, but her hearty good nature soon won her the respect and regard of all the good people who came in contact with her.

As illustrating the simplicity of M. Grévy's habits, this anecdote was told of him in 1879, and it is probably based upon more truth than that told of Thomas Jefferson's riding to the Capitol unattended on the day of his inauguration, and hitching his horse to the fence, while he went in to take the oath of his high office:

"Unlike most official Frenchmen, he believes enough in his own country to invest in her funds, and the other day went to the Bank of France to receive his dividends. He was President of the republic, yet he quietly placed himself in the *queue*, and waited his turn, sandwiched between a petty employé and a green-grocer's wife. Suddenly a high officer of the bank espied him, but was scarcely able to believe his own eyes, and when he did, almost fainted with horror. The President was forthwith accosted with all honors, and bidden to quit the *queue*, that his money might be paid at once. 'Many thanks,' he answered; 'but I don't mind waiting.' And the Chief Magistrate of the republic—a true liberal in every good sense of that word—quietly bided his time. The humblest citizen was not to lose a moment of time on his account."

M. Grévy was a great admirer of the American form of government, and at one time, after the establishment of the second empire, thought very seriously of coming to this country and casting his fortune with us.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.



SKIFF-RACING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE—PREPARING FOR THE START.

SKIFF-RACING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BY C. B. VAUX.

A HIGH rate of speed is the demand of modern civilization. It is only necessary to break a record to become famous. Brains and money are lavished to increase the speed of the Atlantic liners and the limiteds. We must travel fast whether on business or pleasure. So universal is this passion to move rapidly that even little children have caught the fever, and speak knowingly of the winning yacht or horse.

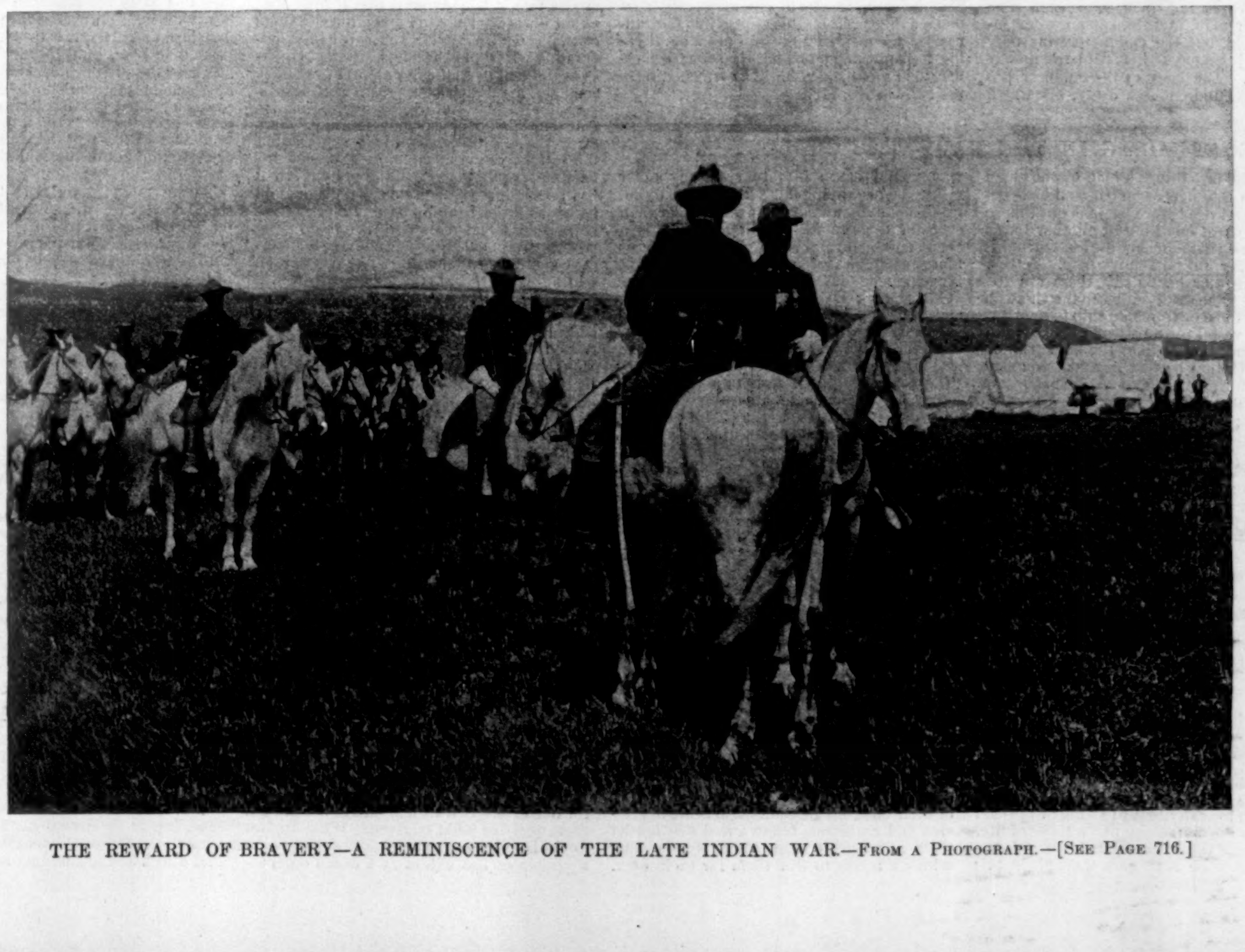
The forty-six-foot yacht of to-day, *Gloriana*, can sail about as fast as the crack seventy-footer of a few years ago, so great has been the development of speed by improvements in the lines of hull and details of rig. The racing sailing canoes of this season's build move nearly or quite twice as fast as those of ten years ago.

There is a class of boats on the St. Lawrence River called skiffs, which carry more sail in proportion to their displacement than any other boats in the world, canoes alone excepted, and which can outsail not only all other boats of their size, but very much larger craft as well. The St. Lawrence River racing skiff is twenty-two feet long, with a beam of four feet. It carries two bat's-wing sails; is fitted with a large steel centre board; has a cockpit just large enough to accommodate the feet of six men on either side of the centre-board trunk; is decked, with a flaring coaming about the cockpit, pointed at its forward end; and has water-tight bulkheads at each end of the cockpit, which convert the two ends of this big canoe—for it is neither more nor less—into air-chambers large enough to float the skiff high out of water when the crew is on board and a capsize has partially filled the only open part, thus making a veritable life-boat of it. High winds and heavy seas have no terrors for the skiff sailors. The boats are of light construction, but strong, and carry not a pound of ballast.

The manner of sailing these skiffs is unique. Be it understood, though, first of all, that the skiff, with her masts stepped and sails in slings, will not float right side up. The weight of a crew of at least four men is necessary to keep the boat on an even keel, and admit of any sailing being done. The usual crew consists of five men, and in heavy weather sometimes six. The racing rules do not limit the crew, sail area—in fact nothing but beam and length, and these only in the simplest way—the length in feet multiplied by the beam in feet shall not exceed eighty-eight. The captain sits at the aft end of the cockpit on deck and steers with a tiller. He also manages the mizzen-sheet by which the after-sail is trimmed. The middle man handles the main-sheet by which the foresail is worked. The forward man sets and furls the jib by means of out-hauls and halyards. This sail is used on a few of the boats, and only when reaching. In beating against the wind a jib has not been found to work to advantage on a skiff. The entire crew sit on the weather deck—opposite to that over which the sail is set—with their feet in the cockpit and their toes braced under a long cleat or a rope made fast to the lower part of the centre-board trunk. They are shoulder to shoulder and move as one man. When a flaw strikes the sails and the boat begins to heel, the men lean backward over the side. As the wind decreases, in they come; the object being always to keep the skiff on an even keel, or as near it as possible. If the squall is a severe one, the men lean out so far that the backs of their heads sometimes touch the water. The captain never luffs nor shakes the wind out of the sails until water comes over the side. No orders are given. The men sail together till they have every part of their duty worked down to so fine a point that it is almost a matter of instinct with them.

When it is necessary to tack, the captain luffs up sharp; the main-sheet is eased off a little, and the crew all come inboard together. When the bow points into the wind and the boom swings over, the men duck under it and nimbly climb over the centre-board trunk to the other side, where they take up their positions as before. Just as the mizzen flutters, the captain eases off the sheet a little, and at the same time the mainsail (which is the forward one) is trimmed flat, just as it fills with wind. Then the mizzen is flattened. In this way the skiff is brought about with a spin and loses little headway, and goes flying off on the other tack.

The most trying point of sailing is going directly before the wind. Then the sails are wing and wind—one on one side and one on the other, with booms nearly at right angles

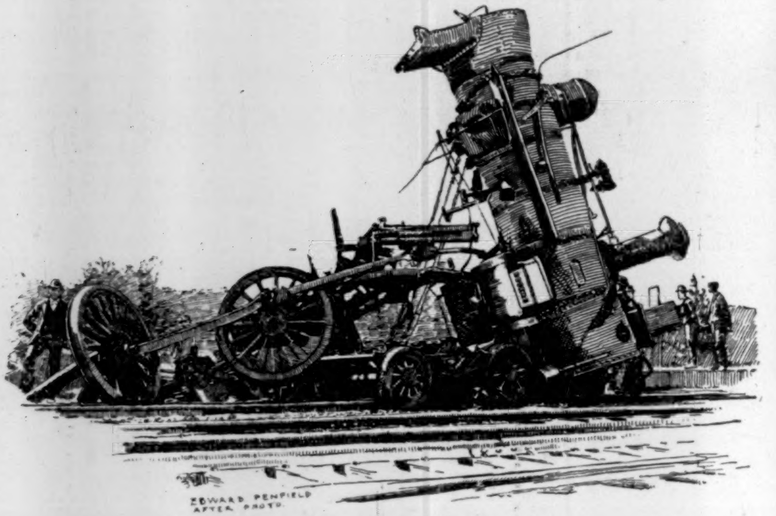


THE REWARD OF BRAVERY—A REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE INDIAN WAR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 716.]

to the keel. The crew must divide itself under such circumstances, half being on the starboard deck, and half to port. Then it is that a man needs nerve to sit still and keep his head; for the boat rolls, sometimes rail under if the sea is heavy, and there is always the danger of an unexpected jibe of one sail or the other, and an almost certain capsize if it does.

Sometimes it is necessary to jibe, and then the skill of the crew is tested to its utmost—that is, of course, if it is blowing hard, for these daring sailors carry full sail in almost any sailing weather. The sail swings from one side to the other in a very short space of time, and gives little warning as to when it is going to start on its journey. While the sails are swinging over, the men must shift sides. One or two move across the trunk before the helm is shifted, and get ready to lean far out as the sails go over. Everything depends on the handling, and the captain must therefore be a man of nerve and great experience, for his is the chief responsibility. An error of judgment is fatal to all chances of winning, as there are rarely less than five very fast boats in each race, and often ten or more start. Of the six races sailed this season for the championship three were won by the *St. Lawrence*, of Gananoque, two by the *Canadian*, of the same place, and one by the *Akahe*, of Prescott. An extra race on September 4th at Brockville was also won by the *St. Lawrence*.

These skiff races have become so popular on the St. Lawrence, and have excited so much interest, that the whole town where they are held turns out to see them, and boatmen gather from far and near. It is glorious sport to indulge in, and a race is worth seeing.



THE RAILWAY DISASTER AT OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

LOCOMOTIVE EXPLOSION AT OYSTER BAY.

THE train on the Long Island Railroad which leaves Oyster Bay at 7.08 was waiting in the station on Wednesday morning, September 9th, preparatory to starting. The conductor stood by the engine comparing the time indicated by his watch with that of the engineer. It was just seven minutes after seven, and the conductor stepped toward the cars with the intention of hurrying the last passengers aboard, when consciousness left him. A sudden explosion startled every one. The conductor was thrown beyond the platform; a horse and buggy, together with the nephew of the conductor, were scattered into the air, while a huge volume of steam obscured the place where had stood but a moment before the massive 46-ton locomotive. The wife of the engineer was standing in the doorway of their cottage waving an adieu to him, when she saw his body cast through the air, and then hidden by the escaping steam. The sudden tragedy had been enacted in a single breath, and the curtain of vapor fell upon the scene. The engineer, fireman, and brakeman were instantly killed, but the conductor was only slightly injured, and his nephew merely shaken up. The body of the engineer was found one hundred feet away, his watch having stopped at seven minutes and twenty seconds past the hour. The fire-box, tons in weight, was thrown more than a hundred feet, and buried partly in the ground. The iron covering of the boiler was turned inside out, and the body of the fireman was picked up in the rear of the train. A wrecking train soon removed the débris, and before long only the memory of the disaster remained.

The direct cause of the explosion may never be satisfactorily explained. The day before the engine had been thoroughly cleansed, and only last spring had undergone a thorough overhauling in the company's shops. The fireman, Townsend Dickerson, had recovered only a short while before from an accident in which his engineer had been killed. James Donaldson, the engineer, who was regarded as a careful and competent man, leaves a wife and two children. The fireman was a widower, but he also had two children, who survive his death, while the brakeman was unmarried. The locomotive was a comparatively new one, having been built in 1889; but the railroad men considered the run unlucky, it being the same one on which Dickerson's engineer had met his death. The wrecked locomotive was No. 113.

BOAT-RACING IN THE NAVY—THE CHALLENGE.

ONE of the first things a man-o'-war's man has to learn is to handle an oar, and he is not long in the service before he finds out that to pull in a boat of one kind or another forms a very large share of his duties when his ship is lying in port anywhere. Setting aside the regular boat drills, there are frequent trips to be made, either to the shore on various errands, or from one ship to another, should his vessel form part of a squadron at the time, and the music of the bugle calling away this or that boat is heard at frequent intervals during the day. At one time the market-boat, with stewards and cooks as passengers; then the mail-boat, with trim marine orderly and his big square leather mail-bag. At another time the huge launches filled with liberty men, or the cutter with officers going ashore for one purpose or another, or the captain's gig bound for official visit to the flag-ship, keep their various crews busy enough in all conscience; and this frequent practice, under all conditions of wind and weather that a boat can live in, soon makes Jack as much at home in barge, cutter, or gig as a landsman on a street car. To see a boat's crew when called away scramble out on the long boom swung out from the ship's side, and swarm down the hanging rope-ladder, and drop into the boat bobbing up and down on the choppy waves, is a sight one never tires of. The oars are out in a jiffy, and the boat brought alongside the gangway almost before you can say Jack Robinson; and then, its freight duly embarked, its crew, "with a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together," buckle down to work with long rhythmical swing of the oars that sends the craft along like a thing of life.

One would think that the amount of downright hard work Jack goes through in this way would cause him to seek any other means of occupying his leisure than to get into a boat again and pull away harder than ever for the fun of the thing; but he is a keen sportsman, and hardly anything affords him greater pleasure than a spirited contest for supremacy between rival boats' crews.

Boat-racing is encouraged in our navy, and, as far as I know, this has been the case ever since an American fleet of war vessels existed, and our sailors have conquered again and again in friendly bouts with their mates of other nations. British tars more than once, Frenchmen, and others, have tossed their oars in salute to winning Yankee crews, and a favorite yarn spun on the fo'c's'le—ay, and in cabin and wardroom as well—is that which tells of the laurels won by a boat's crew of a solitary Yankee frigate, some two or three score years ago, over the men of the whole French fleet, under the very eyes of the Empress.

As I have already stated, boat-racing is popular in the naval service, and the officers are fully as much interested in the rivalry between the crews of different ships as the men themselves.

Every man-o'-war almost—particularly if in squadron with other vessels—has a body of carefully selected oarsmen to man some favorite boat chosen to represent the ship, and the flag, which is proudly planted in the bows of the boat holding the championship, must be defended against all comers of similar build and rating, and the members of the racing crew must hold themselves in readiness for a struggle to maintain the supremacy of their boat, for the blue-jackets are aggressive and ambitious fellows, and will not let their adversaries wear their laurels long without trying to win them for their own. The strict discipline of the navy reigns even in the sports of the men. The races are conducted with absolute order, fairness, and courtesy, and the sailor-men themselves would be the first to condemn any action on the part of any one concerned not consistent with a spirit of generous rivalry and sportsmanlike conduct.

It is the second dog-watch on a calm beautiful summer evening. Everything is quiet in the squadron, and on the flag-ship the men are gathered for'ard lounging about the deck, yarning, smoking, and engaged in various ways as they rest after the work of the day. The bay in which the ships are lying stretches placidly and smooth as a mirror from shore to shore, and out to sea, where sky and water line mingle, the sun, just gone to rest in the west, sheds a lingering sheen of golden glory over the bosom of the ocean. Here and there boats are crossing the harbor, departing from or returning to the war ships, the measured strokes of the oars and the long wakes astern cleaving furrows of indigo through the water. Some one on the fo'c's'le, idly leaning on the rail, catches sight of one white boat gliding quietly out from under the sides of one of the war ships. No flag is floating from the stern, but the sailor knows its shape and the sweep of the oars too well to mistake it for any but a man-o'-war's cutter, and the word swiftly passes that the new frigate which has but recently joined the squadron has sent her racing crew out for practice.

Nearer and nearer the boat comes sliding over the glassy surface of the bay, her crew in sleeveless racing shirts, a weather-beaten old quartermaster as coxswain at the helm; and as she approaches the flag-ship, steering straight for the huge towering bows, the men for'ard swarm to the sides, gazing with eager eyes at the shapely craft below them, and commenting on her "points" as a racer, and the skill of her oarsmen with professional interest.

Then, when close under the flag-ship's bows, the coxswain gives a word of command, and the men cease rowing. "Stand by to toss! Toss!" and with one graceful sweep the long oars rise in salute until straight up over the heads of the oarsmen, and the coxswain, rising, lifts his cap, and the challenge to friendly contest for the championship of the squadron is tendered.

RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM.

AMATEVR·SPORT

THE AMERICAN PONY-RACING Association will open its fall season at Philadelphia on the 23d by a meeting which, judging from what I hear of the entries, will be as successful as the one held under the Philadelphia Country Club auspices last year. On the 24th the Meadowbrook Club will hold a meeting at Mineola, Long Island; on the 26th, Southampton, Long Island, will have one. On the 29th, and October 1st and 3d, during the county fair at White Plains, New York, there will be some races each day. October 3d the Richmond County Country Club of Staten Island will also hold a meeting.

THE PONY-RACING ASSOCIATION has thus far been quite successful, but it has reached a point now where it must either advance or retrograde. Its prosperity depends on the hearty co-operation of the class of sportsmen which comprise the hunt clubs of the country. It can't thrive by the efforts of only the handful of loyal supporters that have thus far kept it going. It is a glorious good movement, and it should succeed, for it has the best wishes of all who want to see good honest racing, where gentlemen will reign supreme. The arrangement of dates given above appears to be particularly unfortunate. Here are seven meetings inside of ten days, and three of the most important follow one another with an interval of but one day—Philadelphia, Mineola, and Southampton. Inasmuch as there has been no meeting since early summer, it seems as though it would have been much wiser to scatter them over three weeks, so that each might have the entries of the other, and every advantage to make it successful.

IT IS TO BE PRESUMED that the American Pony-racing Association knows its business; at any rate, it is convinced that it does, and as no one's existence is jeopardized but its own, it can, with good reason, shrug its shoulders and ask whose affair it is, anyway. However, those of us that carry along life's weary road the reputation of a critic must be prepared with the toll for every inquisitive gatekeeper who blocks our journey. Seriously, the A. P. R. A. requires a purge, and of the most drastic description. It needs sufficient nerve first to repeal the present law it has restricting any pony once registered on its books from running at any meeting not held under its auspices, and then to do away with professional jockeys, and have none except gentlemen riders up. The Association will never be thoroughly successful until it has made these two innovations, and for several good reasons: First, there are a number of hunt and other clubs which include gentlemen having horses they now race and would register with the A. P. R. A., but that by so doing they would be deprived of all such sport they now enjoy in their immediate vicinity.

IN REPLY TO THIS ARGUMENT the A. P. R. A. declares that the simple way out of that dilemma is to have whatever meetings there are given under its rules. But that is not practicable. Take the case of the Dumblane clubmen, of Washington, as an instance. There are many good sportsmen thereabouts, every one of whom has a horse he considers the equal of any. Impromptu race meetings are continually being held in the vicinity, and in Maryland and Virginia, which is filled to overflowing with fine horses and keen sportsmen. To expect every one of these gatherings of horsemen and subsequent races to be held under A. P. R. A. auspices is too much to ask, and to hope that these men are going to give up their sport for the inestimable privilege of wearing a membership badge stamped A. P. R. A., and attending one or two meetings a year, is really absurd. To give up all these jolly impromptu meetings for one or say two formal affairs is asking a great deal for what is given. What applies to the Dumblane members does equally so to a greater or less extent in a dozen other localities. On the other hand, if this rule were done away with, it would bring into the fold scores of influential and thorough sportsmen, and swell the register of ponies probably two-fold. Once a pony is registered, it would be a simple matter to keep track of him. The owner, for instance, could be requested to furnish a list of the meetings other than those under A. P. R. A. rules at which he had run him.

THE OTHER OBNOXIOUS RULING, which permits jockeys and stable-boys to ride, is deadly to an advancement of pony-racing on the basis defined at the outset. To begin with, what is the *raison d'être* of the American Pony-racing Association? If I mistake not, it is to provide racing which will be governed by gentlemen, and where the practices and general professionalism seen at the regular tracks are eliminated. The idea was not, I believe, to set up an opposition to the jockey clubs, but to furnish sport to the amateurs who own ponies and like to race them. There is a very ancient and homely expression which declares in plain English the impossibility of constructing a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

NOW THE SOW'S EAR of the American Pony-racing Association is the jockey, the same individual we see on the professional tracks. I do not mean to say that all jockeys are tricksters, nor do I deny that there are those who can give points on clean running to some of our alleged amateurs; but I do mean to assert that dragging the professional jockey into these pony-race meetings detracts from the general air of amateurism, and respectability, if you like, which is supposed to be the ruling element. The professional jockey owes whatever advantage he may have as a race-rider to the fact that it is his business; his bread-and-butter depends on his success; his education first, last, and always, is to win, fairly if possible, of course, but—to win. Like begets like, and the presence of a professional in a race where there are amateurs is bound, sooner or later, to either compel the gentlemen jockeys to resort to all the tricks of the trade in which his professional rival excels, or drive him out of the field altogether.

THERE IS ANOTHER SIDE to this professional jockey question. He is virtually retarding the growth of the A. P. R. A. by keeping a host of amateurs out of the sport, who would otherwise ride. Some members of the A. P. R. A. will dismiss the subject by informing you, with utmost satisfaction—to themselves—that gentlemen riders are very scarce. Of course they are, and will be a great deal scarcer in time if the present tactics are pursued. What encouragement is given amateurs to ride? There are scores of young horsemen who ride, and who would be seen on the A. P. R. A. tracks if properly encouraged. They do not ride so well as Foxhall Keene or J. L. Kernochan or Len. Jacobs, perhaps, but they ride in fair form, and in a short time would rival the best. Who wants to put up a leg alongside of a professional? The two elements will never mix, and unfortunately the influence of the professional seems to be the greater. If one owner employs a professional, the proprietor of a rival stable is certainly going to take equal chances of winning by doing likewise; another owner follows the example of the first two, and the first thing one knows the professionals will have all the mounts, and pony-racing will take on a Guttenburg flavor, to the eventual annihilation of the A. P. R. A.

LORD HAWKE'S CRICKET TEAM, the cable informs us, has finally been chosen, and comprises the following: Lord Hawke, Lord Thrawley, G. W. Hillyard, L. C. H. Palairet, H. L. Hewett, K. J. Key, G. W. Ricketts, C. W. Wright, C. Wreford-Brown, K. McAlpine, and J. H. Hornsby. They will arrive here on the 23d of this month, and play their first match at Philadelphia two days later, to be followed by another on the 28th. After this the Englishmen enter on a tour, beginning with New York, and including Baltimore, Pittsburg, and Chicago. In each of these cities, where cricket has taken firm root, the game is well played, and if the visitors do not lose matches where they least expect it, some very wise calculations will have gone astray.

As for Philadelphia, if the Quaker City cricketers do not win their matches, they will consult their best comfort by seeking a more congenial climate, for this section is likely to be visited by a hot wave, compared to which the tropics will be frigid. As set forth in this column last week, the Britishers look upon the American trip as an outing, and the cricket matches an incidental feature that is "too easy." In consequence they have sent a team not sufficiently expert for Australia, but good enough "to defeat the Yankees." An opportunity is presented of simultaneously taking down British conceit a few pegs, and elevating the standard of American cricket to a position where it may command respect.

The Intercity Cricket Championship was won on Saturday by Philadelphia from Chicago by an inning and 359 runs. Now, then, we are prepared to hear of the slaughter of Lord Hawke's job lot of English cricketers.

The New Jersey Athletic Club's games on the 5th opened the athletic season, and furnished the first opportunity of our getting a line on the public form of a few of the best men. Heavy rain the day and night previous had made the track heavy, but some excellent times were done notwithstanding, notably A. B. George's (M.A.C.) mile in 4 minutes $31\frac{4}{5}$ seconds, in which he was pushed by E. Hjertsberg, who was running in great form. A comparatively new man, P. F. Burns, X. A. A., did a half-mile from the 15-yard mark in 2 minutes $\frac{1}{5}$ seconds, and opened every one's eyes, while Copland secured the broad jump after several attempts with 22 feet $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Nickerson, N.Y.A.C., was not up to his form, and could do no better than 5 feet $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches in the handicap high jump, which gave him second place; the hurdles in slow time went to a handicap man. Generally speaking, the games furnished some good sport, and were well managed. The entertainments of this club are always interesting to attend, for every member is a worker, and an air of industry and harmony prevails. The club, moreover, is one of the few that holds out no "inducements" to "athletic members," and has developed more material than any other of its rivals. Besides some excellent handicap men, it has four in Barnes, Puffer, Edwards, and Morrell, any one of whom is likely to win a championship; then it has Willie Day, now retired, and who was never defeated; it did have the bicycler Zimmerman, who has recently been making records, until the M. A. C. held out "inducements." The most gratifying feature of the N.J.A.C., in my opinion, is that its athletes are all home-made and American born. My advice is to stick to the domestic article; it will surely win in the long-run.

The Staten Island Athletic Club was very fortunate in receiving entries of such high grade for its Labor-day carnival of sport. All the events were scratch, which of course kept out the second-rate men, and confined contests to such of the cracks that had gotten into form. And yet the contests were not especially interesting, for the simple reason that, with one or two exceptions, each event had one entry much too good for the others. The sprints were tiresome; the 100 yards, although well contested, was very slow, owing to soft track; the 220 yards was given away; Dohm had a walk-over in the half, but it was a magnificent one, and his time, 1 minute $58\frac{3}{5}$ seconds on a heavy track, showed what grand form this greatest of America's middle-distance runners is in. Conneff had as much of a walk-over in the mile, running as he liked, and finishing in 4 minutes $36\frac{3}{5}$ seconds. Copland lost the high hurdles to Puffer in slow time of $17\frac{1}{5}$ seconds. The jumps were the most interesting of the athletic programme, Nickerson taking the high easily with 5 feet 11 inches, and Edwards, the coming champion of the N.J.A.C., taking second with 5 feet 10 inches. Malcolm Ford won the broad with 21 feet $11\frac{1}{4}$ inches, which shows he has not yet regained his old form, though he was not pushed, and the path was so soft the men could get no speed.

The particular event of the day which appealed especially to Staten-Islanders was the lacrosse match between the N.Y. A. C. and S. I. A. C. teams, the first time, by-the-way, the clubs had come together since the squabble over the rejection of the former by the Association. For the first half of the game to about ten minutes of the second half the play was as skilful as any ever seen in this country; but after this the S.I.A.C. team, which was leading by a goal, fancied it had the match won, and began playing a "rag" game. They thought to tire out the N. Y. A. C., but should have known better. They will another time. Failing in wearing down their opponents, the home team became rattled, and the N. Y. A. C. secured 4 goals, and won by a score of 5 to 2. I have no space to comment on individual play other than to say that goal-keeper Meharg of the S. I. A. C. made some marvellous stops, and saved, by actual count, 4 goals to my certain knowledge. It was a great mistake to change him. McLain, of the same team, played his usual strong game, while on the other side Bush put up a skilful, strong game, and Flannery guarded his goal well.

The aquatic event of the day was the eight-oared shell race for the S. I. A. C. challenge cup. Crews were entered by the Columbia Athletic Club—holders of the cup—Triton Boat Club, and the S. I. A. C. The last named was expected to win, but, like many other good things, it went wrong, very much wrong, for really the crew did not appear to be in it. The Tritons took the lead at the start, but the Columbias soon overhauled them, and were never headed afterwards. The Staten-Islanders hung to the Tritons for a time, but soon dropped back, and eventually finished about four lengths behind Triton, which was second by a length. There was quite a number of Columbia A. C. men on hand, who, headed by Howard Perry and Sam King, took up a triumphant march over the club grounds, and made the island ring with their C. A. C. war cry. No club is more happily situated for such a day's sport than the Staten Island, and the success of the Labor-day entertainment should encourage the members to make it a permanent feature. It was well managed, and reflected great credit on its projectors.

Local athletic circles have been set agog recently by a few prejudiced members, who first persisted in setting down Remington's (M. A. C.) desire to retire from active competition to fear of defeat by Downs, N. Y. A. C., and when this had been settled to their entire satisfaction, further worked themselves into a fine fury over Luther Cary's (M. A. C.) failure to keep them posted on his whereabouts. Hereafter when Mr. Cary prolongs his stay in any locality, or moves to a different one, he will please understand that the pleasure of the reportorial staff of We, Us, & Co., of the Amateur Athletic Union, is to be consulted. At the championships of the Metropolitan Association last Saturday, however, Mr. Remington *did* compete in the quarter-mile against Mr. Downs, and won by six yards in $49\frac{4}{5}$ seconds; and Mr. Cary *did* turn up, and captured both the 100 and 220 yard events. I have not heard of any one seeking the whereabouts of these two athletes since.

It was the first championship of the Metropolitan Association, one of the ramifications of the A. A. U., and likewise the opening of the Manhattan Athletic Club's new grounds. Briefly, they are large, and every advantage has been taken of the natural resources. The track is fine, and fast for a new one. The arrangements of the field events are perfect, and when the inner field is sodded it will properly finish off very handsome grounds. The situation of the grand stand, so far as the sprints are concerned, is very bad, spectators in the left half not being able to see any of the race save the finish. Of course it's the best that could be done, but it's bad nevertheless. Then the finish of the 220 is but a few feet from the stand, and in a hard race it would be impossible for a runner to avoid a collision with the lower boarding. As foot-ball and base-ball grounds, the new field is perfection for players and spectators, and to be equally so as an athletic field the 220 straight should be put on the opposite side of the grounds. In the way of improvements, hurdles, etc., the M. A. C. has furnished everything of the most modern pattern. To absolutely complete the equipment it is only necessary now to provide a fool-killer with a stout club to take care of the asinine officials and their friends, who persist in sauntering about the field, annoying the jumpers, and keeping the spectators in a condition of nervous fright lest the shot, hammer, or weight drop on them.

If the Metropolitan Association lost money on the meeting, it was certainly not due to extravagance in the matter of programmes. The games as a whole were much inferior to those given by either the New York A.C. or the Manhattan A.C., while the spectacle of two men in the weights' competition from the Xavier Club without the conventional costume was startling. Such a thing is not to be tolerated in club games, but in a championship meeting it is disgraceful. Moreover it was extremely confusing to the spectators who were unable to distinguish between these two and the laborers that carried back the shot and 56. While on the subject, by-the-way, since the M. A. C. is leaving nothing undone in the equipment of its grounds, it might not be an unwise investment to provide at least a couple of its groundsmen with trousers, the tattered exhibition of which does not at once fill the spectators with commiseration for the wearer, and fear less unusual exertion part him from that little which he hath. Club servants in-doors are provided with apparel that they may make a cleanly appearance. Why should not those on the grounds, where their poverty is quite as much exposed to investigation, be suitably clad? This is a hint that all clubs will do well to act upon, and spare us the apparition of a groundsman whom we mistake for a stray tramp.

In the short sprint Remington was a good second to Cary, and led Vredenburg, who is not running so well as he was in the spring. Cary's time, $10\frac{1}{5}$, was only fair, considering the track, but he made it up in the 220, when he won easily in $22\frac{3}{5}$, leading Lee and Vredenburg. The high and low hurdles were won by Copland in $16\frac{1}{5}$ and $26\frac{3}{5}$ (slow time to what we became accustomed last spring, when Lee and Williams were running), with Puffer a very close second in each event. The mile walk brought out the last British importation, Curtis, who sported the Cherry Diamond, and started out to show the people how fast he could walk, but fell by the way-side after the quarter, and finally finished about an eighth behind Shearman, in 6 minutes $49\frac{1}{5}$ seconds. With all the magnificent material America affords, it seems too bad the Manhattan Athletic Club cannot confine the casting of its athletic grab net to this country. The winning of a few races is nothing to the example it sets. It would be at least a little more like it if the club waited until the importation had become a citizen of this country. But here we have a British subject, in the country less than a month, representing an American club which had better expend its energy on some of its three thousand members. I am opposed to this sort of thing, and shall have more to say on the subject in a later issue. W. C. Dohm, N.Y.A.C., who seems to be getting into better form with every race, ran a magnificent half-mile in 1 minute $57\frac{3}{5}$ seconds; and Turner, the Princeton man, who was second, must have been very close to 1.59. If any one turns up who can push Dohm, I confidently expect him to touch the record this fall.

Conneff is another athlete who is in fine form, and will make a five-mile or a mile record the first time all the conditions are favorable. He has not been in such form for three years, and it is most unfortunate Willie Day is not running, for a five-mile race between these two would be a rare treat, as well as a record-breaker. Both the mile and five Conneff won on Saturday with ridiculous ease in 4 minutes $26\frac{3}{5}$ seconds and 26 minutes 22 seconds respectively, and in each case had enough in reserve to do much better. The high jump was a close and hard-fought contest between Nickerson, N.Y.A.C., and Edwards, N.J.A.C. They both cleared 5 feet 11 inches, and at 6 feet the latter failed. Edwards got over the bar at 6 feet several times, but invariably struck it with his shoulder in coming down. In fact, he easily cleared with his legs and body, but could not seem to get his shoulder out of the way. Hallock reached 5 feet 9 inches, but failed to get higher. Neither Copland nor Ford competed in the broad jump, and the event lost its interest. George Gray, who appears able to make a record with the 16-pound shot at every attempt, raised the figures from 46 feet 2 inches to 46 feet 4 inches, and he has not reached his limit yet. The great feature of the day was the marvellous work of J. S. Mitchell, N. Y. A. C., with the 16-pound hammer and 56-pound weight. He threw the hammer 139 feet 2 inches, the world's previous record being 133 feet 10 inches, and in the weight event he raised the record from 32 feet 10 inches to 33 feet $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Mitchell has undoubtedly proven that in these two games he has no equal in the world. Queckberner was 10 feet behind him in the hammer, and over a foot in the weight. Nothing has ever been done with the 16-pound hammer in any style of delivery or in any country that approaches Mitchell's wonderful performance.

The next athletic event, and one of the most important of the year, will be the Manhattan Athletic Club's carnival of sports next Saturday. From noon until ten o'clock at night there will be a succession of contests on land and water. Whoever fails to get a satiety of sport for one day will, indeed, be hard to satisfy. An especially pleasing feature of the athletic programme is the limited handicaps, which bring together none but the best.

There is no space for me to comment this week on the recent meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union other than to characterize it as a disgrace to American amateur athletics. The time is ripe for the self-respecting clubs to retire from this organization, and leave it to the element which now robs it of all decency, and in an early issue more detail will be given.

Whatever the coming foot-ball season may bring forth in the way of new strategies or men, there is one division of players which it will be a pleasure to watch, and that is the half-back section. There is Lake, of Harvard, one of the sturdiest and most enduring line-breakers we ever had the good fortune to see—a man of good judgment last year, and now with another season of experience to temper his work. There is McClung, of Yale, one of the best types of the dodging method, whose runs in the Princeton game of last season were simply phenomenal, and who enters the field this year with an added spur to good work in the thought that he must lead his team instead of only serving as one of many men under a captain. There is King, of Princeton, who may, it is true, be made a quarter, but if he is it will be because a younger Poe is an even more remarkable half than his brother was a quarter.

Then there are men of whom we had but a glimpse last season who are going to loom up as stars this year—such men as Fearing and Bliss and Sherwin. And there is another man who, report says, will not play this year, but who may, in spite of this, appear on the field, and if he does he should stand at the top of this list. I mean Corbett, of Harvard. His game shows the widest scope of any of last year's halves in that he can run straight and strong or dodge with equal facility, and was far and away the best punter of them all. With such an array of men, and practically nothing yet known of dark horses, the present season promises a treat in the line of half-back play of a kind to which last year gave us but an introduction.

While Yale's foot-ball captain was planning to steal a march on the other elevens, and hoping to secure the polo field at Newport for a few weeks' preliminary breaking in, Princeton has been quietly maturing a similar project, though with greater success. Last week the polo field at Cedarhurst, the finest in America, was secured for a couple of weeks, and Captain Warren now has about thirty men working the summer softness out of their muscles falling on the ball and kicking. It is a good-looking lot of men too, though I have not had the opportunity of glancing over them individually. I saw a couple of heavy fellows who looked as though they might be worked into "forwards." Princeton's rush line is where she needs material and plenty of it, for at the present moment her prospects without it are not encouraging. Behind the line she is cared for, and if a line of forwards can be built strong enough to protect her backs, Princeton will be considerably "in" the race for the championship this year.

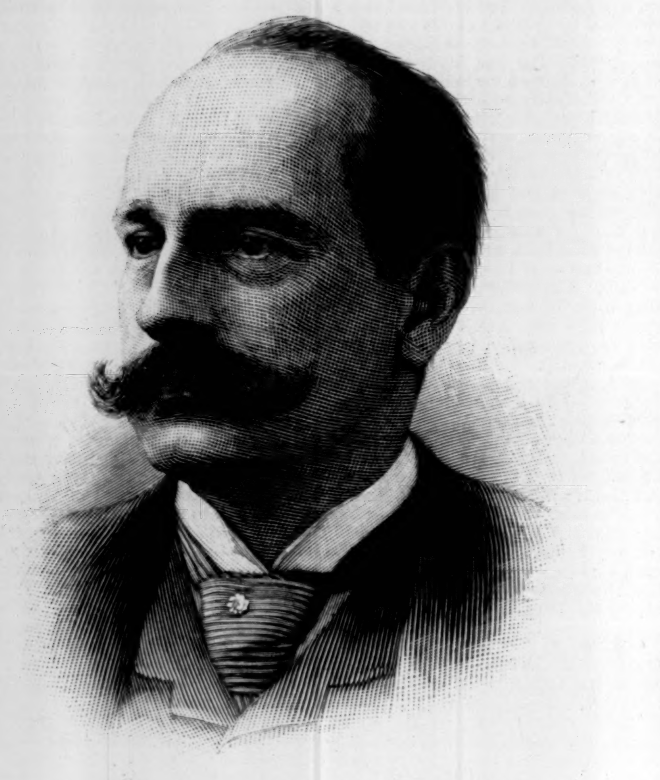
We do not hear anything of Harvard doing preliminary work, and Captain Trafford very likely thinks there is little necessity for it. Well, he is about right; Cumnock built up enough material last year for two elevens, and nearly all of it will be back to Cambridge this year. It was so well drilled that it won't take long to get it into fighting trim. Indeed, I am of the opinion that it is a mistake, except on occasions where it is positively necessary because of green material, to put men to work so early. It makes the season too long, and the men get aweary of the game before its end. Moreover, it's making too much of a business of it. If a man knows the game he can get into prime physical condition in six weeks, and have besides all the advantage of his nervous energy, which goes stale in a long siege.

Columbia's Foot-ball captain, Mr. Chrystie, I am pleased to notice, is taking on the spirit of the times, and will have all the candidates for the eleven at work on the magnificent new grounds by the 26th. J. M. Hewlett will have charge of the coaching; and I heard a strenuous effort will be made to put out a stronger team than ever represented the blue and white. Columbia's lot heretofore has not been a happy one, but the pluck of her athletes commands admiration, and deserves the heartiest co-operation of undergraduates. Such courage does not go unrewarded, and I predict a good showing from Columbia this year.

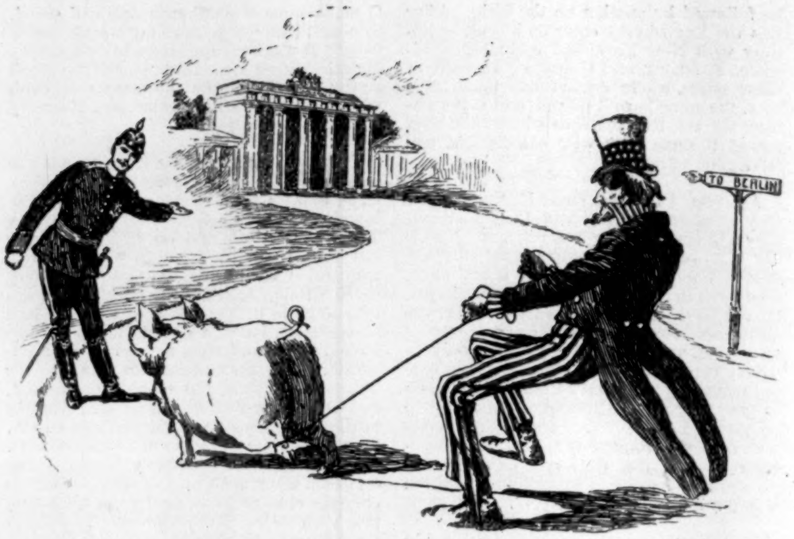
Amateur base-ball recently received a good lift when Huyler Westervelt, the pitcher of the Englewood Field Club, declined a very flattering offer to play on the professional New York League team. This young man is an amateur in the strictest sense of the word, and as such stands out almost alone in the vast army of alleged amateur pitchers about New York. Last season he occupied the box for the Field Club, and made a very good showing although poorly supported. It was the first year in the league for the Englewood team, and the officers of that club were sufficiently well satisfied to again enter the Amateur Base-ball League this season. Hardly missing a game during the two seasons, Westervelt has pitched great ball without a suggestion of compensation. And mention is not made of this fact to commend him only for his athletic honesty, but that it is so rare a trait in pitchers as to become a novelty.

The Lenox Club tennis tournament failed to bring together the players it was confidently expected it would. No one of the first-class men turned up, and the club committee should gain now by experience what it might have learned by reading this column regularly—*i.e.*, that it is out of the question to bring the cracks together immediately after the Newport tournament. They have had ten days of steady tennis, and are weary of it. Before the national championship is the time for club tournaments. It was gratifying to note that the club followed the suggestion herein set forth of getting up a match between Mr. Campbell, the present champion, and Mr. R. D. Sears, the ex-champion, and believed by a great many to be the most skilful exponent of the game in this country. It is unfortunate Mr. Sears's health would not permit of the match being made. Some effort might be put forth to bring them together at the intercollegiate tournament next month, and failing in that, the Lenox Club has an opportunity of pleasing its members and settling a much-vexing question by arranging for a match for '92 between Mr. Sears and whoever may come out of the Newport tournament champion.

Caspar W. Whitney.



THE HON. J. SLOAT FASSETT, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.



THE AMERICAN PIG IN GERMANY.
EMPEROR WILLIAM. "All right, Sam, let him come in."

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

For several weeks before the Republicans of the State of New York met in Convention at Rochester to choose a candidate for Governor, it was announced that Mr. Andrew D. White was the preference of ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt, the acknowledged leader of the Republican party in the Empire State. There was not a little wonder expressed that Mr. Platt's preference should have fallen on such a man, for it was not likely that in case Mr. White should have been nominated and elected, he could have been made use of in the way most agreeable to the masters in the art of practical politics. Before the Convention met it was evident that Mr. Platt had merely brought Mr. White forward to conceal a movement which was to be at once a surprise to the party, and appear to the public as the spontaneous action of the Convention.

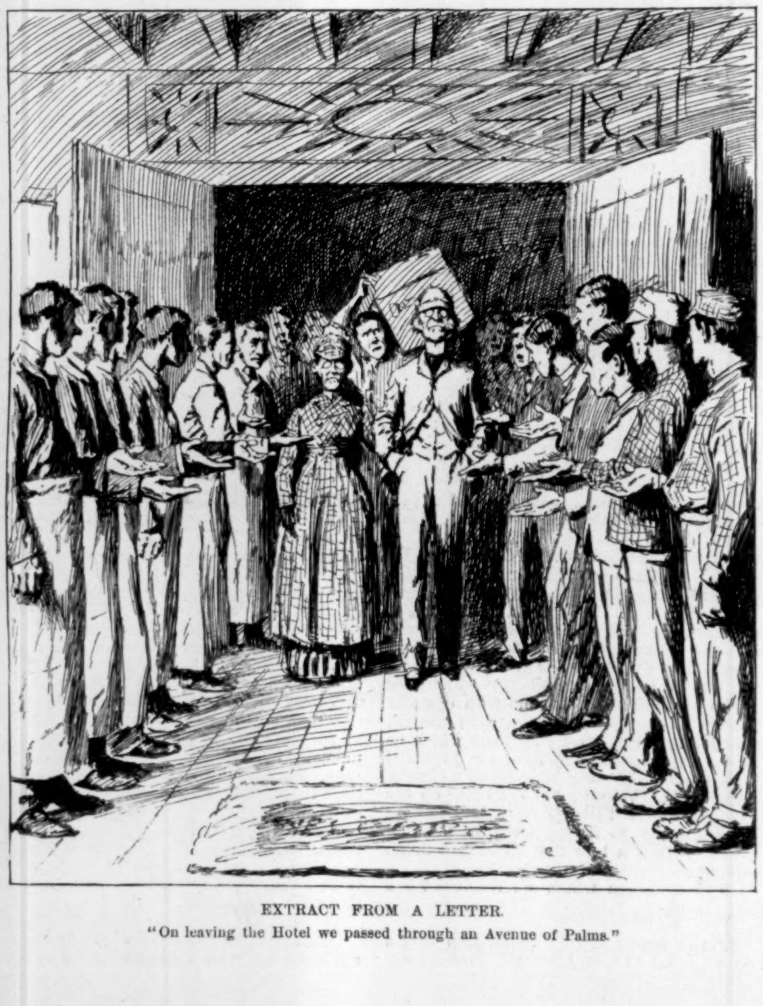
There were several candidates for the nomination. Prominent among these were Mr. Wadsworth, of Geneseo, General Carr, of Troy, and Mayor Becker, of Buffalo. Each of these candidates had done more or less work to secure the nomination. Mr. Platt had only expressed his preference for Mr. White, and this was at first thought to be sufficient to secure the nomination for the ex-President of Cornell. But Mr. Platt was all the while secretly maturing another plan—the nomination of J. Sloat Fassett, the young gentleman who was named by President Harrison a few weeks ago to succeed Colonel Erhardt as Collector of the Port of New York, when Colonel Erhardt found the bearing-reins placed on him by Mr. Platt interfered too much with the independent and faithful performance of his duties, and therefore resigned. At that time the WEEKLY told something of Mr. Fassett's public career. He is a young man to have achieved so much distinction, and is only in his thirty-eighth year. He is of Scotch extraction, and was born in Chemung County. He studied at the Rochester University, but did not finish the course for lack of funds. Later, however, he managed to go to Heidelberg, in Germany, and take a course there. Soon after being admitted to the bar Governor Lucius Robinson appointed him District Attorney for Chemung County. In 1884 he was elected Senator for Chemung, Steuben, and Allegheny counties, and he has been re-elected for each term since. In 1888 he was Secretary of the National Republican Committee, and took a prominent part in the campaign which resulted in the election of Mr. Harrison. In the Senate he was the leader of his party, and as chairman of a committee to investigate the condition of the city of New York he unearthed a good many things which local politicians would rather not have had brought to public notice. He weakened the effect of these disclosures by making it manifest that he was working rather for partisan advantage than in the interest of good government.

Mr. Fassett married the daughter of Mr. Crocker, the California millionaire, and his control of money has doubtless helped him no little in his political advancement. But whether as Senator, Secretary of the Republican National Committee, or Collector of the Port of New York, he has always been Mr. Platt's man, and he is now Mr. Platt's candidate for Governor of the State of New York.

DECORATION OF AN AMERICAN SOLDIER.

These times of ours are devoid of sentiment, and modern republics are so decidedly matter-of-fact that their ingratitude is proverbial. The United States is no exception; even the enormous pension roll is the outcome of political jugglery, and not sentiment, as some dyed-in-the-wool people would have us to believe. Once in a while, however, Congress is attacked with a fit of generosity, and votes a medal to some man for some act of daring and bravery, but erelong grows ashamed of its outburst, and when the medal is ready to be delivered, it is sent in a sealed envelope to the man whom it is desired to honor. There is no outburst of enthusiasm over the presentation, no public honor beyond a newspaper report of the proceedings of Congress. The attitude of the men who passed the bill appropriating the few dollars seems to be, "Well, we spent the money, you know, but publicity is a thing to be shunned; perhaps the people might object if it were generally known that their surplus was squandered in this way"; and then the honorable gentlemen go back and try to beat the record in passing pension bills. And the recipient of the honor, when he opens the sealed envelope and finds the medal, is, of course, highly pleased, and then, with the modesty of bravery, goes forthwith and hides the decoration and says nothing about it, lest he be accused of bragging. They know how to do these things differently on the other side—even in republican France.

It is pleasant, therefore, to note an exception to the rule. We are glad to be able to enthuse over the recognition of bravery in public, and to honor the brave man. Out in Kansas recently an interesting ceremony took place, which was the first of its kind, as far as known of, in this country. First Sergeant F. E. Foy distinguished himself for bravery at the battle of Wounded Knee. A Medal of Honor was therefore voted to him. When the medal was ready, the sergeant was at Fort Riley, Kansas, with his troop, and the good sense of somebody omitted the sealed envelope presentation, and substituted a formal ceremony. "G" Troop drew up in line, mounted, with Lieutenant Brewer in command. Sergeant Foy was called to the front by Captain Edgerly, who, after a brief complimentary speech, pinned the medal on the sergeant's breast. The captain retired. Sergeant Foy wheeled about, and Lieutenant Brewer presented arms to him and saluted him before his troop, thus honoring the award of merit. It is pleasant to chronicle such a ceremony, and everybody with a spark of loyalty delights in the public recognition. Perhaps the republic as a whole will realize the extent of individual sentiment, and consign the envelope, unused, to oblivion, where it belongs.



EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.
"On leaving the Hotel we passed through an Avenue of Palms."

THE BEST TEACHER,

The surest lamp to guide our wayward feet, is experience. It points to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as the best medicine, the surest safeguard in cases of malarial disease, whether in the form of chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague, or ague cake. The same guides indicate it as sovereign in constipation, rheumatism, "la grippe," liver complaint, kidney trouble, and dyspepsia.—[*Adv.*]

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

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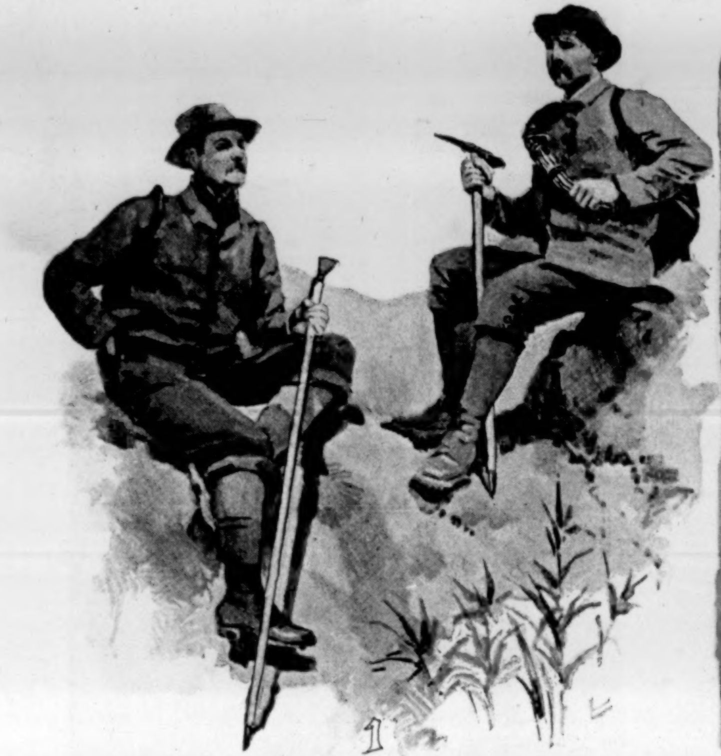
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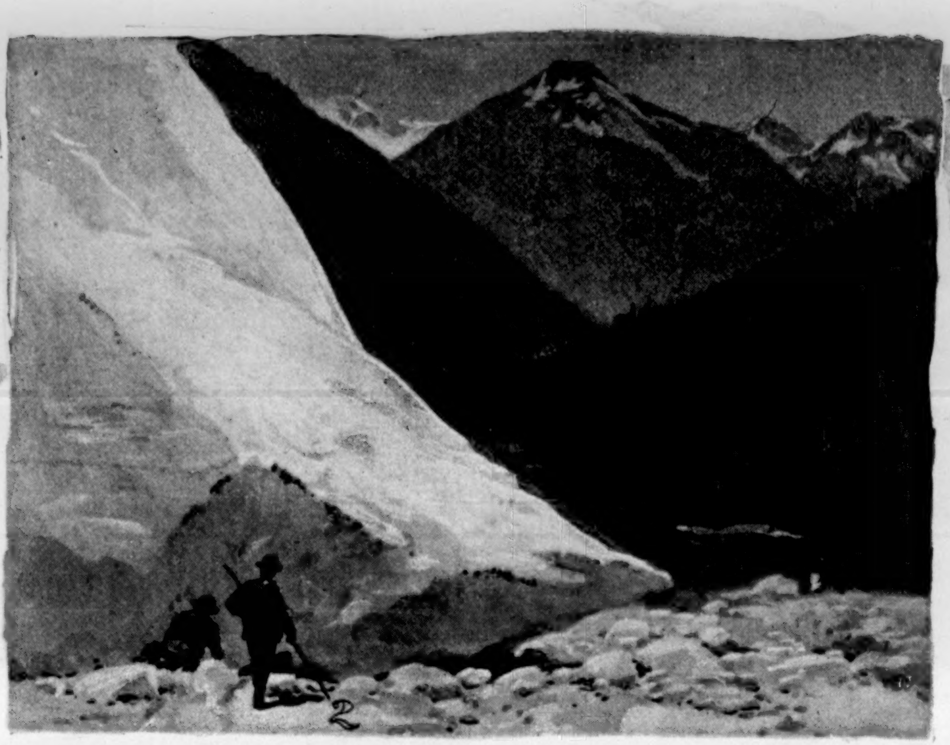
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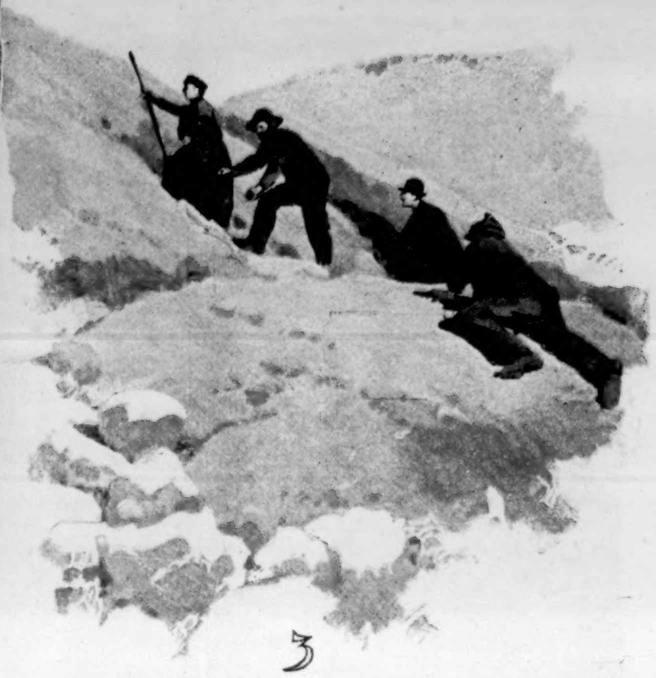
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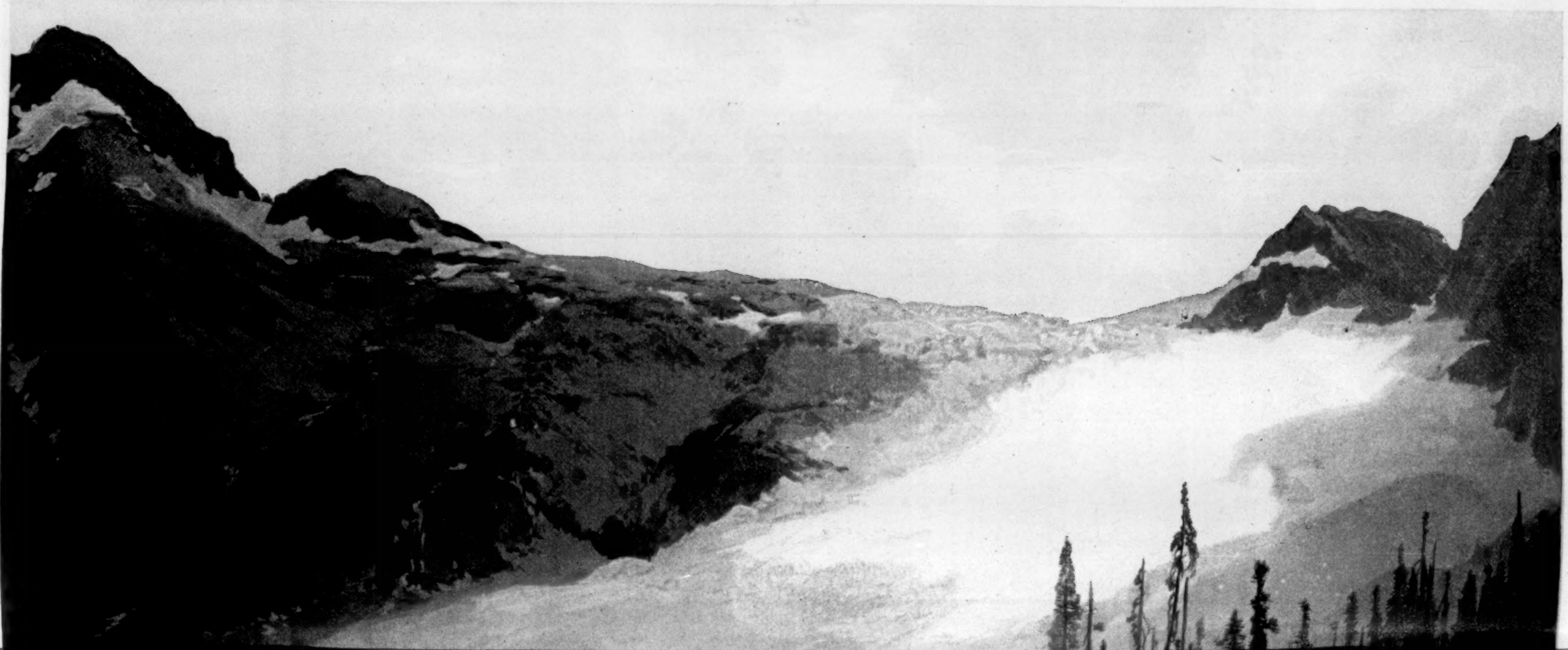

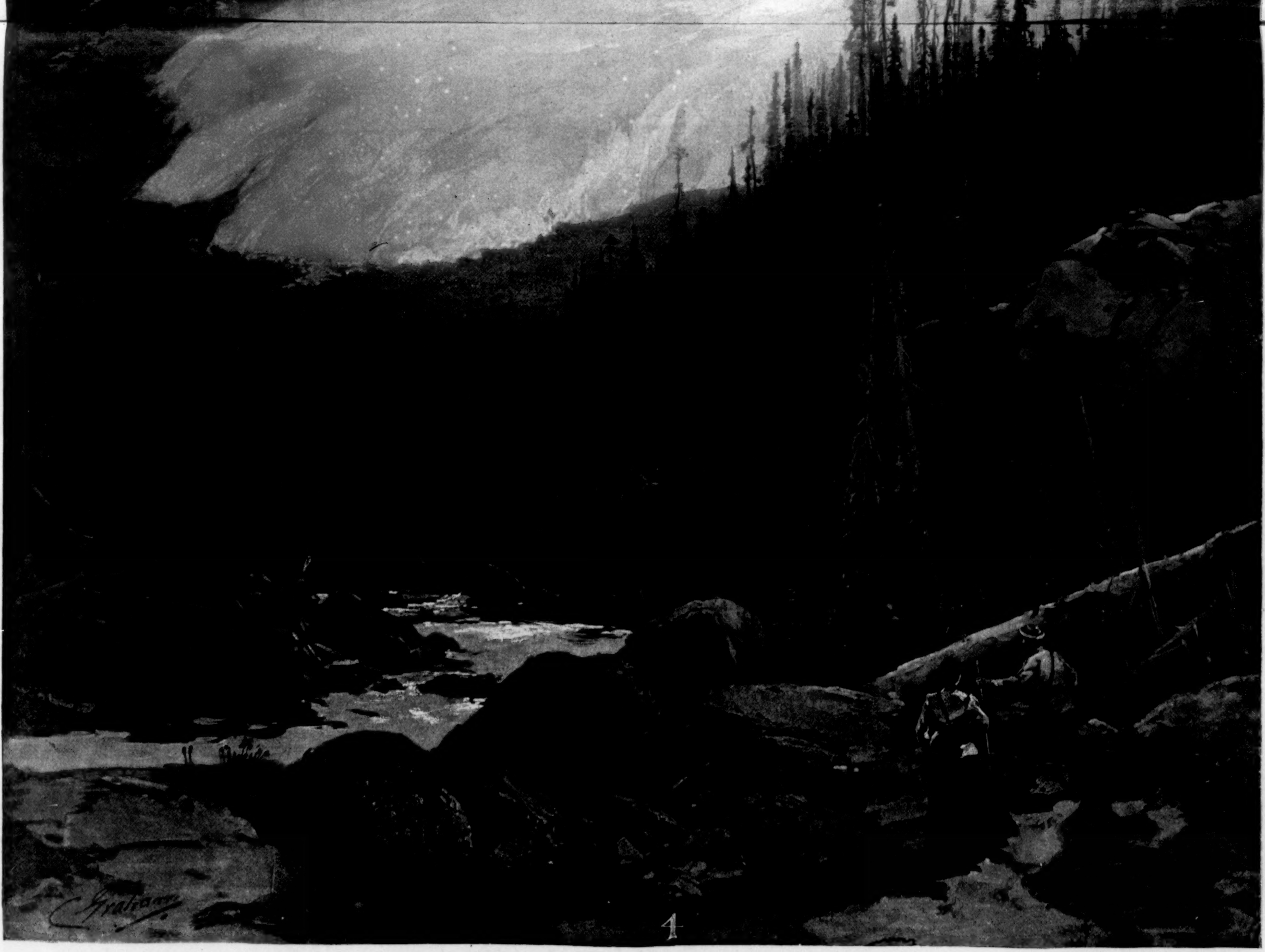

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THE GREAT GLACIER OF THE SELKIRKS, MANITOBA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

1. Mountain Climbers from Switzerland. 2. The Foot of the Glacier. 3. Tourists ascending the Glacier. 4. The Great Glacier.